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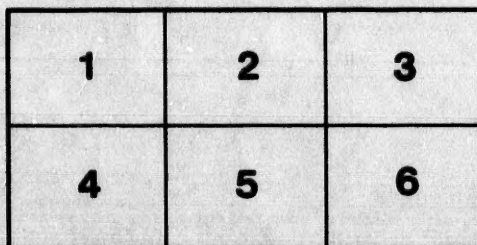
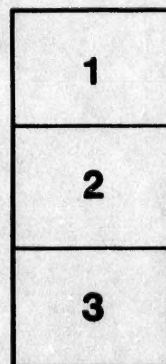
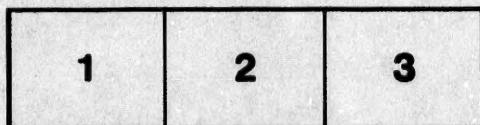
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*Car. Whiteford,
Isabella*

POEMS

BY

ISABELLA WHITEFORD.



BELFAST:

WILLIAM M'COMB.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO. DUBLIN: J. ROBERTSON.
EDINBURGH: GALL AND INGLIS.

MDCCCLX.



Rev Mr Allen

*With kind regards
from
Isabella Whitford*

PREFACE.

A. Bruce 1878

At the request of my friends I submit to the public this little volume. I am fully aware, in so doing, it is open to public criticism, and I feel very sensibly, without any affectation, its defects are neither few nor small. But as it makes no pretensions to poetry of a higher order than what might possess interest from its purely local character, or serve to while away a twilight hour, or bring back the sunny memory of childhood's early associations, I would claim for it, kind reader, your indulgence and consideration.

I. W.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, 1859.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MRS. S——,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HER EXQUISITE BOUQUET OF
WAX FLOWERS.

WILD flowers immortalised the valley's Queen,
With tiny, trembling cups and leaves of green,
And May-flowers fair as those I culled erewhile,
Radiant with beauty, in our own Green Isle ;
And golden ball, and bunch-berry, fruit, and flower,
The fragile children of a summer hour :
I bless the Power that cheats our ardent gaze,
And gives you fadeless thro' dark winter's days.

I am a worshipper—I fear, too much;
Wherever beauty is, with magic touch,
A strange attraction draws and keeps me there;
I never learned to couple “false and fair.”

Altho' it may be so, still in my dreams,
Whate'er is good, that beautiful still seems ;
Till beautiful and good become so one,
That I have never either met alone.

Where Beauty wakes up beauty, there's my shrine,
In music, flowers, or "human face divine;"
Then, lady, thou wilt know how much I prize
The flowers that took their tints to please thine eyes:
Nor gems, nor gold, could ever be to me
One-half so priceless as those flowers from thee.
May'st thou be like them!—pleasure light thine eye!
And, like them, too, forget to fade and die ;
And may thy path thro' life, as free from thorns,
Be bless'd with every good that life adorns!

A MAY MEETING.

'Twas like a dream of old romance,
Or like a meteor's lightning glance ;
The dreams, the hopes, the joys of years,
Without their sorrows or their fears ;
The bliss of ages in an hour ;
The slender bud burst into flower.

'Twas like the dazzling glare of light,
Chasing the shadows of the night ;
'Twas Hope, with full possession crowned,
Breathing its balm on all around.

It was—but I can say no more—
A meeting on a rocky shore ;
That rocky shore, a lonely isle,
Where few of Nature's beauties smile,
But rocks grotesque in every form,
Most mildly grand when wreathed in storm ;
Our home, a simple cottage there,
Fanned by the pure Atlantic air.

And those who met—affection's few,
With love Time never can subdue ;
For, were that chain of love once broke,
Not wealth, nor power, could heal the stroke.
A love begun in childhood's days,
Not one that dazzles and betrays,
But calm, and pure, and holy still,
Flowing in one bright, steady rill.

We met—I've failed to sketch the scene,
And yet I cannot draw the screen ;

Of all our band we missed not one,
The good, the happy—but they're gone.
Mountains and oceans intervene
Our happy household band between :
Too sweet the vision was to last,
" 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."

~~~~~

#### FIRST FAREWELL TO HOME.

FARE-thee well, my own sweet home,  
Far amid the ocean's foam.  
Memory still will cling to thee,  
Deeply, fondly, tenderly ;  
Binding with a lasting spell  
To the scenes I loved so well:  
Every mountain, every dale,  
Every flower that loved the vale,  
Every sweet entrancing bliss,  
In that home of happiness.  
By the morn and evening prayer,  
From the lips I loved to hear ;  
Father !—a tone was in thy voice,  
That still made my heart rejoice.

By my mother's tender love,  
Which no time could e'er remove ;  
With its world of hopes and fears,  
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears.  
By the depth of love that lies  
In either sister's beaming eyes,  
Looking together on one flower,  
Growing in love from hour to hour.  
And brothers—but they're gone away  
O'er the ocean's fitful spray,  
And one whose bark is, even now,  
Parting the wave with glistening prow ;  
Guide him, Father ! safely o'er,  
To Terranova's distant shore !  
May those loved brothers meet in joy,  
With not a cloud their bliss t' alloy.  
Home, again, I turn to thee,  
Scene of happy infancy,  
Where, even now, loved children play  
Through the long, bright summer day.  
One sweet boy—I see him now ;  
Three sunny summers on his brow,  
And his rosy dimpled cheek  
Wreathed in smiles whene'er I speak.  
How his voice, so soft and clear,

Fell like music on my ear !  
In my dreams that child I see  
In his happy, childish glee ;  
But it strikes a chord too deep,  
And I waken but to weep.  
Home ! thou art a blessed spot !  
A thing that ne'er can be forgot ;  
Through the crowded streets I roam,  
Yet my thoughts still tend to home.  
'Mid the brilliant, young, and gay,  
Full of life and buoyancy,  
Homeward ever turns my soul,  
As the needle seeks the pole.  
Oh ! how wistfully I pry,  
Through thy veil, Futurity,  
To my meeting all once more  
On my own beloved shore,  
And its grand wild rocks will be  
Such a blessed sight to me ;  
And every voice I loved to hear,  
Will sound more doubly sweet and dear.  
Would that I could reach that home,  
Ne'er again from it to roam !  
Would all our household band were there,  
In my joy their part to bear !

Until then, farewell my home,  
Far amid the ocean's foam ;  
May peace and joy around thee dwell,  
Fare-thee-well ! my home, farewell !

---

## THE CRISIS.

AND are they gone, those blissful years ?  
Even their partings and their tears,  
Now enshrined by memory, seem  
Bright and glorious as a dream  
Of the fancy's richest twining,  
Light, and life, and joy combining;  
Which the sleeper, on awaking,  
Finds was all the fancy's making;  
Finds but torpor, gloom, and night,  
For promised life, and joy, and light.  
Ah, well I knew it would not last,  
For things so bright fade still too fast ;  
It might not be—I knew 't was vain  
To think such bliss could long remain.  
Our long unbroken happy band  
Are parted now—a foreign land  
Is trod by those who charmed each scene;



We hallow where their steps have been.  
The hand is gone that twined the flowers  
Around our home in parting hours,  
That watched their budding and their bloom,  
And loved t' inhale their rich perfume.  
Now the flow'rets, fading fast,  
Tell of joys with spring gone past ;  
Nature cannot charm the eye  
As it used in days gone by,  
When together we have strayed  
Where her wildest pranks were played ;  
Where rocks on rocks majestic piled,  
Grand, irregular, and wild,  
Like some breastwork of defence,  
Charmed with its rude magnificence;  
And where the ready hand would trace  
Sketches of each remembered place ;  
Or the very air would be  
Vocal with sweet harmony.

Oh ! 'twas a pole-star in our sky—  
A sunbeam on life's ocean ;  
A green oasis passing by,  
To raise each fond emotion.  
Darkly broods the memory o'er  
The hour we parted on our shore.

Slowly, sadly, months roll on,  
Since we mourn'd the loved ones gone.  
They can tell it, and they only,  
Who have felt how long, how lonely  
Time wears round, when those beloved  
From our sight are far removed.  
Hushed be this sad repining strain,  
Hope whispers, we shall meet again—  
Shall meet, where parting is no more—  
Hush, my soul, be sad no more!  
Thy Father's ways thou canst not know,  
Suffice it, he will have it so.  
Flowers look brightest after rain,  
Sweetest pleasure follows pain ;  
Winter gives to Spring its zest,  
Labour ever sweetens rest.  
Morn is doubly clear and bright  
After all the gloom of night;  
Father, safely o'er the deep,  
Guide the friends for whom we weep,  
And our meeting will be bliss  
An excess of happiness.



## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

WHAT means this stillness round ?  
So solemn, so profound ;  
And mourners, too, without the sound of woe ?  
Draw you that curtain back,  
Mark there death's fearful track—  
A young, a lovely thing, so soon brought low !

The curtains drawn aside,  
Oh ! who would wish to hide  
A thing so lovely, shrinking from the view ;  
Upon a couch there lies  
One who has gained the prize,  
And bade to earth a long, a last adieu !

Few moons had waned and shone  
Upon that sleeping one ;  
Its life was like the rose-bud's—fair, but brief.  
A short, a rapturous hour,  
And then the fragile flower  
Passed from the earth without a faded leaf.

The curls of golden hair,  
Around the brow so fair,  
The long soft lashes—veiled as if in sleep ;

The lips so free from care—  
A smile still lingers there,  
And on the cheek—oh ! who for thee could weep !  
Weep for a spirit gone,  
Where sorrow is unknown,  
Ere aught of earthly woe could cloud its sight ;  
Pure as the budding rose,  
Some kind hand around it throws,  
That young spirit now in radiant light.

~~~~~  
A SAILOR'S MUSINGS.

THOUGHTS of home, ye are crowding fast,
'Spite of the surge and the howling blast ;
And friends are passing in quick review
With forms as fair, and hearts as true,
As ever bless'd my boyish dreams
With Fancy's rainbow-coloured gleams.
Again I wander o'er hill and glade,
Where choicest schemes with Hope were laid ;
Where coming years fresh joys should bring,
And Summer flowers outstrip the Spring,
And the rosy face of a sister smiled,
Oh ! how I loved the gentle child !

With her laughing lips and bright blue eyes,
And golden tresses !—how memory flies !
Recalling the sport of our childish hours,
When I wreathed those curls with fresh wild-flowers,
And bore her aloft through the Summer air,
As proud as a victor in laurelled chair !

But she is changed, that laughing child,
To the gentle girl, so sweet and mild;
And yet does her heart as warmly beat
With affection's thrill whene'er we meet;
And the bursting sigh, and the starting tear,
At parting, show I still am dear !

And my mother, too, I see her form,
Bending along with each blast of the storm,
With a fervent prayer that her sailor boy
May return again in peace and joy.
In the warm affection that prompts that prayer
None but a mother's heart can share.

And the deep rich tones of my father's voice,
Bidding each heart 'round him rejoice,
Telling his hope that I'll shortly come
To gladden once more his heart and home ;

And tell him what things, both strange and new,
Have been wrought by me and my faithful crew.

And my gallant bark is speeding on
To the land whence those fairy dreams are drawn,
And the bright waves are dancing before her prow,
And the sun is gilding them gaily now;
And the storm is hushed—and the golden west
Half hides the sun in his glowing breast.

Hush ! what was that signal given ?
No sail is rent—no mast is riven ;
'Tis the sailor's joy, the cry of delight,
The cheering sound—there is land in sight ;
One cheer for home, o'er the ocean's swell,
One long, long cheer—good night, all's well !

SONG.

WILT thou promise through life's giddy throng,
Where the loveliest and bravest are met,
'Mid the smile, and the jest, and the song,
That the past thou wilt never forget ?

In the hall, in the garden, or bower,
No matter how happy thou art,
When thy laugh sends its musical power,
Remember, they too must depart.

I ask no remembrancer there;
But when sickness or sorrow is thine,
Oh! how gladly I'd soothe all thy care,
And each fleeting pleasure resign!

Oh! think of the moments gone past,
When our bright sun of joy never set;—
Too brilliant, too joyous to last,
Yet still far too dear to forget!

Farewell! and wherever you rove,
Give your smiles unto all who are dear,
Keep for me one small token of love,
And let that be—a sigh or a tear.

~~~~~  
HOPE REALISED.

Was it a dream? or did I see  
My own dear home once more?  
Was that the dash of bright waves free,  
Along its rocky shore?

My soul has, wearied, turned away  
From Fashion's fitful joy ;  
O for my scenes of childish play,  
And I once more a boy !

What though the rich and great may court  
My favour and esteem,  
And when I join the gay resort,  
Bright eyes with pleasure beam !  
'Neath Friendship's mask there may be guile,  
Though hidden from the gaze.  
O for my mother's gentle smile,  
My father's grateful praise !

And this is what I longed for once ;  
Aye these are youth's bright dreams,  
That still grow dimmer in advance  
And now how vain it seems !  
Thus Hope, the little airy thing,  
Still gilds the future hours,  
Oh ! sweeter are the buds of Spring  
Than Summer's richest flowers.



## THE POLAR STAR.

THOU glorious star of night !  
In thy pure and regal splendour,  
There's a calmness in thy light,  
That no moonbeams e'er could render.  
For changeless art thou still,  
Though all may change about thee;  
Go to what clime we will,  
It were not bright without thee.  
Answer me—hast thou seen,  
In all thy steady gaze,  
More than our fickle moon .  
Through every varying phase ?

I have—when the sun was gone  
And the moon had hid her light,  
I have led some trav'ler on  
Through the dark and cheerless night.  
Perchance some friend of thine,  
Has been gladdened by my ray,  
For I told, though brighter beams decline,  
There's love can ne'er decay.

I have marked, when the Northern Light has thrown  
Its fitful gleams around thee,  
And with a bright and circling zone  
Of regal splendour bound thee.  
But it was not this had caught my eye:  
Though its arrows were bright and gleaming,  
Too soon they fled from the glowing sky,  
Like memorials of infant's dreaming.  
But thou, o'er the waters' blue expanse,  
What hast thou seen, in thy piercing glance ?

I have seen the mariner tempest-toss'd  
Afar on the trackless deep,  
And I was his guide when all hope was lost—  
When the friends he loved were asleep.  
I have marked the starting tear,  
As his eye was turned on me :  
He knew that a friend was near  
On the dark and trackless sea ;  
For I breathed of hope, I whispered a tale  
Of rapturous joys to come ;  
I told of meeting with friends again,  
Afar from the ocean's foam.  
I have kept my vigils o'er the grave  
Of each friend of thine early youth ;

The loved, the beautiful, and the brave,  
I have watched with ceaseless truth.  
Wouldst thou know still more ? Not a spot of earth  
Thou hast loved in thy childhood's days,  
In joy or sorrow, in woe or mirth,  
But has met my nightly gaze.  
And in future, tho' thou and the world may change,  
Thou shalt meet me as before :  
I ne'er shall move, I ne'er shall range,  
Till time itself be o'er.

It is enough, thou glorious star !  
Oh ! who would wish for morning,  
Whilst the sun and moon are veiled afar,  
And thou art the skies adorning ;  
Whilst thou art guiding the traveller on,  
Or lighting a friend's lone tomb ;  
Whilst the sailor's heart is homeward drawn  
Through the darkness and the gloom ?  
Still sparkle on—I know thy worth :  
Where'er through earth I roam,  
When my eye shall meet thee in the North,  
I will think of my happy home.

## THE GREEK EXILE'S RETURN.

" 'Tis Greece — but living Greece no more." — *Byron.*

THE sun had shed its last soft ray  
Through olives dim—the parting day  
Threw milder lustre o'er a scene  
Most picturesque, yet most serene.

The scene lay in Lepanto's vale,  
Where citron forests scent the gale ;  
The vine had clothed the mountain's side,  
The lime-tree spread its branches wide,  
And laurels, with the faintest breeze,  
Glanced lightly through the gloomy trees ;  
The jessamine's stars were wreathed between,  
And violets glistened from the green ;  
While fountains flung their feathery spray,  
Like glittering rain-drops, far away.

Beneath a mournful cypress shade  
A ruined cottage was displayed,  
And Time, ashamed to view the scene,  
Had o'er it thrown a robe of green.  
The white rose with the ivy twined,  
And shed its perfume on the wind :  
The marble statue, now o'erthrown,  
With *Lentisculus* was o'ergrown ;

The myrtle shed its sweetest breath  
Round scenes more desolate than death;  
But e'en a stranger's heart would thrill  
To see such beauty round it still.

Yet there was ONE—no stranger's eye,  
Had gazed around so earnestly ;  
No stranger's brow such care had worn,  
To gaze on scenes so 'reft and torn;  
No stranger's breast had heaved so high,  
With that heart-rending, stifled sigh !  
His form accorded with the scene—  
The wreck of what it once had been :  
The noble brow, of olive shade,  
Round which the raven ringlets play'd ;  
The eyes—soft, melancholy, black—  
Now held from scenes of daring back ;  
A form to rouse the latent fire  
Of minstrel's lay and minstrel's lyre,  
He leaned upon the broken pile,  
And wildly gazed around awhile ;  
Then sadder memories o'er him swept :  
He raised his deep-toned voice and wept,

“ And is this all, my glorious home,  
That now is left of thee ?



Alas ! that e'er the day should come  
When I such things should see !  
That I should see thee 'reft and torn,  
By cruel spoilers' hands !  
Would that my chains I still had worn,  
And died in foreign lands !  
Would that the music of thy streams  
Had reached mine ear no more !  
Then might I see thee in my dreams,  
As thou wert seen of yore.

Yet, Greece, thou wert not dearer then  
Than thou art to me still ;  
Thy stately woods are dear as when  
I first felt pleasure's thrill.  
Thy skies are cloudless still, and blue  
As ever they have been ;  
Thy sward still wears its matchless hue  
Of ever-varying green.  
Yet, where are now the friends with whom  
I've trod each classic spot ?  
The earth retains its ancient bloom,  
But they ?—they answer not !

Where are mine own loved, kindred friends ?  
My soul shrinks from the view :

Whilst every other feeling blends,  
Are they not with me too ?  
Where are the hands that touched the lyre,  
And woke the magic swell ?  
That could such rapturous thoughts inspire,  
Breathing o'er hill and dell ?  
Where, too, is gone the light guitar  
That led the mazy ring,  
And echoed o'er the woods afar  
Its welcome to the Spring ?

They're gone !—and I—why should I live ?  
What care I now to die ?  
Earth ! what hast thou that thou canst give ?  
Not e'en a kindred sigh !  
Yet, Greece, my prayer shall be for thee,  
Land of the great and brave !  
I would that I could make thee free,  
And live and die thy slave !  
Farewell, my country !—fare thee well !  
Now gladly I depart ;  
For earth hath not a single spell  
To chain my widowed heart."

The chant was hushed—funereal smile,  
With hectic lit his cheek awhile,

He gazed around o'er hill and plain,  
Which yet were ringing to his strain,  
Then laid his head, as if to rest,  
Upon a marble statue's breast ;  
The rising moon showed his rest was deep :  
He had sunk in death's unbroken sleep.

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## HOME.

FOND associations cling  
Round thee, home of life's young spring !  
Something binding like a spell,  
To mountain, valley, rock, and dell ;  
Something earth can ne'er estrange,  
Though fortune, place, and friends may change ;  
Something holy, deep, refining ;  
Something almost past defining.  
The deepest sorrow time can tell  
Is uttered in our first farewell.  
We look and linger by each spot,  
Fearful lest it might be forgot ;  
Though like a green oasis still  
It meets us, turn where'er we will,

With a bloom time cannot mar,  
Though home and friends be scattered far.  
Dear home ! there linger round thee ever,  
Feelings, memories, nought can sever !

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WHAT IS REAL HAPPINESS ?

WHAT is real happiness ?

I heard a lady ask,
And, searching every source of bliss,
I set myself to task;
And winged Fancy flew away
To a pretty child at play—
A fair-haired child of summers three,
Roving through a rich parterre,
Gathering, with infant glee,
All the fairest flowers there ;
And its lips, from very gladness,
A simple nursery rhyme was singing,
Without a single tone of sadness,
Over all that garden ringing ;
And, I said, what is this less,
Lady, than real happiness ?
Scarce my lips the word had spoken
When a butterfly skimm'd by,

And the child's fair flowers were broken,
As it strove to catch the fly !
And long and ardent its pursuit,
Over shrubs, and flowers, and fruit,
Till it rests upon a rose :
Quick, child ! seize it ere it goes !
'Tis done !—the butterfly's his own !
Listen to his merry laughter,
As he sits down on a stone,
Never dreaming what comes after ;
Opens up his firm-closed fingers,
Starts, and thinks the insect fled ;
O'er his hand his blue eye lingers,
Scarce believes 'tis crushed and dead !
A thick mist o'er his blue eyes swept,
He flung him on the ground and wept ;
Now I find I'm wrong, for this
Is *not* real happiness !

Away, again, to a Southern bower,
Where perfumes are borne from every flower ;
Where the birds ring out their sweetest notes,
And nothing but harmony round it floats ;
And all that wealth and taste supplies
In and around that fair bower lies.
Up from amid a gorgeous pile

Of crimson velvet a maiden rose,
And many a proud eye turns meanwhile
To watch her steps—to her harp she goes.
Pen could not picture a form more fair ;
Bright were her curls of golden hair,
And her cloudless brow was pure and pale,
And her eye was bright as the sky's blue veil;
The faintest tinge of the rose on her cheek,
And her lip a glowing crimson streak.

She swept the harp-chords, and there rose
A soft, rich strain like the dying close

Of a swan, as it breathes out its life in song ;
And her sweet voice caught the notes again,
And rivalled in music the harp's rich strain.
'Tis almost too much for the listener's brain,
As its cadence melts along.

And I thought, if on earth there can be bliss,
This must be real happiness !

But I looked again, and the maiden stood
Gazing out on an old green wood,
And her cheeks with burning tears were wet,
And she clasped her hands, and murmured, "Not yet !
Father, without a shade of woe
O'er my joyous life, how can I go ?

Hadst thou called my friends off one by one,
I would not have murmured, but calmly gone;
But to know I am dying, day by day,
And all around so bright and gay,
My soul recoils—it cannot be,
The thought is more than agony !”

And I thought, am I always doomed to miss
The secret of real happiness !

Away, again ! with the traveller roan,
Bid a long farewell to friends and home ;
Go seek the source of the mighty Nile,
With an ardour and a zeal untiring ;
Meet every danger with a smile,
Ever that one pursuit inspiring.
The more of peril, the more of pain ;
The more he struggles his end to attain !
'Tis won !—’neath those grassy hillocks, see
The old Nile springs in his infancy.
A moment of rapture the traveller knew,
Till memories that long had slept
Across his vision their shadows threw ;
He was far from home, from kindred true,
And full of peril his journey, too ;
And as o’er his mind thoughts crowding swept,

The traveller sat him down and wept ;
And I said in despair, " 'Tis not in this
Man can find real happiness ! "

Fancy, check thy flowing rein,
Seest thou not thy search is vain ?
'Tis not in childhood's innocent bliss
Thou canst find real happiness ;
'Tis not in beauty or wealth to give
That boon for which we strive and live.
Stop and list to the evening prayer,
'Neath the humble roof of a pious pair:
" God of our fathers ! we have sought thee in youth,
And have found thy Word and promise truth ;
We have lacked no earthly bliss,
Thy ways are pleasantness and peace,
Thy love and mercy never cease ;
Thy service is true happiness.
Our children, thy especial care,
Thy love shall guard from every snare ;
Able, and willing too ;
And thou hast promised thou wilt give
Grace—glory : it is joy to live ;
We love thy will to do.
But, oh ! what is it to the gain,

The endless bliss, we shall attain
 When heaven is full in view !
 And through eternity we'll raise
 One tribute of immortal praise
 To Him who brought us safely through !"

LINES WRITTEN AT BRUCE'S CASTLE,
 RATHLIN.

CAST your eye o'er the waters' blue expanse,
 That bounds this isle of the ocean,
 As calmly it lies 'neath the moonbeam's glance,
 When hushed from its wild commotion.

And yon bark in the distance, with full-spread sail,
 Wooing the evening's breeze,
 Now mocked by the sea-bird's sudden wail,
 As it wings its flight o'er the seas.

And nearer still, by the curlew's note,
 Your dream-like musings breaking,
 Till you start at the sounds that round you float,
 As each lone note an answer is waking.

And you see those rocks like a mountain tower,
 In all their ancient glory ;

And surely 'tis grand, at the midnight's hour,
To see them rugged and hoary.

Oh! why should the tourist love to stray
To scenes far-famed of old?
He need not wander so far away,
O'er mountain, waste, and wold.

Let him gaze with a feeling of rapture here,
Where Bruce commanded of yore,
And this fort, where the sentinel, void of fear,
Has nightly watched the shore.

And then let him track his way again
To some land of deathless flowers,
Far from the horrors of the main,
To a calm, still home like ours!

BURNING OF THE "OCEAN MONARCH."

'Twas morn! a gallant bark, with swelling sail,
Went proudly on to catch the favouring gale;
She scorned the waves that played around her now,
And kissed in glittering foam her stern and prow.
Not more secure the sea-bird skims the deep,

Not more at rest the scaly monsters sleep,
Than does that noble ship glide o'er the main,
Whilst many an eye is turned to home again.
Old Albion's cliffs slowly recede from view,
Whilst whispering voices weep their last adieu;
Yet 'mid their tears angelic Hope was nigh,
Pointing with outstretched hand and kindling eye.
Across the deep Columbia's forests rise,
Richer in verdure, towering to the skies;
And many a heart sped lightly o'er the wave,
To meet the cordial greeting fancy gave.
The laughing eye of rosy infancy
Looked o'er the wave with tameless, childish glee;
And youth, and manhood, and old age, were there,
And woman old and frail, and maiden fair.
Hush ! heard you that ? it seemed a stifled sound ;
Again it comes ! hark, how it spreads around !
Saw you that flash, like some lone sunbeam, stray
Across the ocean's dark and glittering spray ?
List ! list ! again the sound grows higher, higher,
Till hundred voices echo back, "'Tis fire !"
'Tis fire !—that fearful cry will no one hear ?
Will no one save them, and the land so near ?
'Tis vain !—the maddening hundreds spurn control ;
One fearful feeling actuates the whole.

In vain they wear the ship and spread the sail ;
Death comes still nearer with the freshening gale ;
Man may not try to curb the rising flame ;
It shoots aloft as something nought can tame.
And mark what numbers now, with frantic mien,
Plunge in the wave and die unknown, unseen !
Vainly brave men their voices raise to quell
The awful sounds now mingling in that swell ;
Seeking the ocean's depths to shun the fire,
In one caress mother and child expire.
See that old man support, with trembling arm,
A helpless infant, soothing its alarm !
The death-fire glows—'tis brighter, fiercer still,
Defying all the power of human skill.
A ship is bearing onward now, full sail :
Brave, generous men !—nor shall their courage fail
To meet its just reward from earth and Heaven.
Promptly the welcome rope and boat are given ;
They're safe—and names like "Jerome Littledale,"
Shall be revered when mightier heroes fail ;
Their noble deeds of mercy shall be known
Wherever praise is sung or valour shown.

The work is done—the quivering flames grow higher,
Then, with an awful whirl, sink and expire ;
And charred and broken fragments seem to say,

This, this alone, remains ! this sad display;
The rest is the insatiate ocean's prey.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN, hail ! thy sunlight mellow,
Gently stealing, soothes away
Youthful green to sober yellow—
All glowing shades to brown or grey.

Flaxen curl, that waved in childhood,
Spring-time hath been like to thee ;
Youth's soft eyes, the Summer wildwood,
With its violets seems to be.

And years mature, when childish pleasures
And youth's love-dreams all are o'er,
Speak of fallen leaves, yet treasures
Up rich fruits from Autumn's store.

Fruits, pale Spring-time's buds encasing,
Shielded safe from frost or worm ;
Fruits, bright Summer flowers embracing,
Laughed at sunshine, shower, or storm.

The bursting buds and glowing flowers,
Yield the promised, look'd-for fruit ;

Yet shade of melancholy lowers
Round leafless bough or sapless root.

Life is such ! we hurry breathless
From bud to flower, from flower to fruit;
And starry eyes, though dimm'd, yet deathless,
Seem to chide the fond pursuit;

Seem to say—"Earth's hopes are cheating ;
The mirage, too, once lured us on :
Turn from joys so false, so fleeting,
To bliss that cannot be withdrawn.

~~~~~

### THREE SCENES IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

#### FIRST.

SHE was so simply beautiful,  
The village pastor's child,  
It seemed, where'er she turned her face,  
Eternal Summer smiled.

No village girl could ever be  
In bridal robes arrayed,  
Unless the gentle maiden gave  
Her kindly-proffered aid.

And from her lips, on dying ears,  
Sweet words of comfort fell;  
But only they who heard that voice,  
Its soothing power could tell.

So sweetly happy, too, she seemed,  
How peerless was her grace;  
What peace, and love, and pleasure beamed  
In her soul-speaking face!

Could it have been the evening's breeze,  
That kissed her sunny hair,  
Had lit so deep a tint of rose  
Upon a cheek so fair?

You might, perchance, have thought it so;  
But look! unwoke by fear,  
There trembles in her soft blue eye  
The bright, unbidden tear.

A youth the maiden long had loved  
Was standing by her side,  
And whispering words most eloquent,  
To which no words replied.

But well he wist a deeper love  
Was hers than words could tell,



And those who knew her almost feared  
The maiden loved "too well."

The youth was proudly beautiful,  
With rank above her own;  
He sought her love; the maiden thought  
'Twas for her love alone.

But he must win renown, he said,  
Ere he might claim his bride ;  
The village pastor shook his head,  
And called it foolish pride.

And as he breathed a fond farewell,  
She thought her brain would burst ;  
Oh ! well for her it might be said,  
"No grief was like the first."

SECOND.

Years pass away : 'mid the great and the gay  
We will linger awhile to-night ;  
The trumpet of fame has breathed forth a name,  
And all in its praises unite.

'Tis the youth who has won his long-sought renown ;  
He is proud now—too proud e'en to smile ;  
And the welcoming throng, as they hurry along,  
Proclaim him so noble the while !

We will follow again, where, apart from that train,  
He is sitting, reflecting aloud ;  
More stern is his brow, more compressed his lip now,  
The pastor had well called him proud.

"I was foolish," he said, "when I promised to wed ;  
She would never be happy with me :  
No ; I loved her too well to break the sweet spell,  
In the end I knew how it would be.

"Yet I still love the girl : Lady B.'s lip would curl  
If ever I made her my wife ;  
But, as likely as not, she may have forgot  
Every promise I made in my life.

"Long years since have fled ; her sire, too, is dead ;  
I am sure she can ne'er look the same :  
In her own rank she'll find some one more to her mind,  
And 't would dash all my visions of fame.

"Besides, I well know 'tis a duty I owe  
To my friends I could never get over ;  
I would see her again, but 't would cost me such pain  
To bid her adieu as a lover !

"Well, I feel more resigned, now I've made up my mind  
To wed that bright star, Lady B. ;

My first youthful romance I'll dismiss with a glance :  
I'm sure no one on earth will blame me."

## THIRD.

Her home was lone and cheerless  
As she left its flower-twined door;  
But her eye was bright and tearless—  
Brighter than e'er before.

At the spot of earth she faltered  
Where all who loved her lay ;  
That, too, seemed sadly altered,  
With its mound of fresh-raised clay ;

For her mother's grave she'd tended,  
From her earliest childhood's days,  
With flowers whose breath ascended  
Like earth's sweetest notes of praise.

And she never thought of sadness,  
When her father told how fair  
She was in her home of gladness,  
With the happy spirits there.

The flowers were sadly drooping,  
As if they too could know,  
And sympathise, by stooping,  
In her deep and silent woe.

glance :

" Father, my heart is blighted;  
Every earthly hope is gone;  
The love once craved is slighted—  
I've nought left to lean upon.

" Yet I turn to ONE in HEAVEN  
Who soothes the mourner's woe;  
But can he, too, be forgiven  
Who has caused these tears to flow ?

" Alas ! I tremble, father,  
For that day when all shall meet,  
The oppressed and the oppressor,  
At a righteous Judge's feet.

" And I know that, never sleeping,  
Stern conscience—arrowy dart,  
The avenging angel's keeping  
Its dread vigil o'er his heart.

" But my bitterest sorrow's waning ;  
When earth's night has passed away,  
To my soul 't will be the gaining  
Of a bright eternal day.

" I shall go forth on the morrow,  
For a place where none shall know

That I ever felt a sorrow—  
That I ever tasted woe."

\* \* \* \* \*

She went forth—her eye was brighter,  
With a love of heavenly birth,  
And, although her cheek seen.ed whiter,  
Meekly filled her place on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

And *he*—wan, and worn, and wasted,  
Though he joined each festive scene,  
Pleasure was by him untasted—  
Bitter memories wounding keen ;  
And Mercy, tender-hearted,  
O'er his fate lets fall her screen.

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DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

ALL EXCEPT THE CONCLUDING STANZA OF THE FOLLOWING
WAS WRITTEN PRIOR TO CAPT. M'CLINTOCK'S DISCOVERIES.

'Tis won at length !—what Franklin vainly sought,
Won !—bitter tears proclaim 'tis dearly bought—
Bought with the blood of men as brave and true
As ever glory, fame, or science knew ;

And while we sympathise with those who toiled
 And won the goal so many turned from, foiled ;
 And while through ages hence their honoured name
 Shall prompt young hearts to emulate their fame,
 And glory in their greatness as their own,
 Still with their praises comes a dirge-like tone—
 A wailing for the lost for whom no sound
 Of joy or grief can break the spell profound
 That veils in deepest mystery their fate,
 And leaves loved objects lone and desolate.

Where sleep'st thou, Franklin, with thy gallant band?
 Hope and suspense long, long went hand in hand ;
 Suspense !—more terrible than death thou art—
 For ever dying—never to depart ;
 A restlessness no opiate's power can smooth,
 And even religion almost fails to soothe,
 The knowledge of their fate, how dark soe'er,
 Could scarce more painful be than what we fear.
 Perchance, long since they rest beneath the deep,
 Or icy mausoleums their relics keep.
 How did they perish ? Did the tempest's rush
 'Neath towering bergs of ice their brave barks crush,
 Where blessing, prayer, or dying groan might ne'er
 Meet aught responsive in its hour of fear ?
 Or sunk they, one by one, 'neath famine's breath,

Or lingered in disease, till kinder death
 Quenched their home-yearnings, long and fond, but
 vain,

And with one blow dismissed despair and pain ?

 In vain we ponder, pry, and speculate ;
 No search, no seer may e'er reveal their fate :
 The sailor in his lonely watch may gaze
 Upon the Aurora's fitful polar blaze, .
 And solemnly adjure it to declare
 If it hath marked the lonely wanderers there.

“Hast thou seen them ? They came forth
 To the wild and stormy North,

 And their homes are lone and desolate even now :
 Friends have sought for them in vain ;
 Tears have fallen for them like rain :
 If aught on earth has seen them, it is thou.”

But the Aurora's meteor-light
 Flung its shades through ether bright,
 Nor dimmer seemed a single radiant gleam ;
 Yet it seemed a low, soft sigh,
 As of sympathy, swept by,
 As in a circling zone met each beam.

* * * * *

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. JOHN'S LADIES' BAZAAR. 51

Turn to the living ! Erin, proudly claim
Thine own brave son, who has won immortal fame :
Well canst thou boast thy patriot-hero, too,
On arctic waste, or blood-bought Waterloo.
There is a feeling, close allied to pride,
We scarcely care to speak, yet cannot hide,
When one who breathed the air we call our own
By some illustrious deed is widely known.
Hail to thee, Erin's son !—all praise be thine !
Bright laurels round thy head for ever shine !

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. JOHN'S LADIES'
BAZAAR.

SEEMS it not a kindred feeling
To that with which we gaze on flowers,
To follow Learning first revealing
Glorious truths to infant powers—

Truths which make man wise and holy—
Truths which make man good and great—
Truths which save from vice and folly—
Truths which gild the darkest fate—

Truths arousing emulation,
Kindling childhood's cheek and eye—
Firing lawful, just, ambition
With the great and good to vie ?—

To hear their little lisping voices
Chanting strains for angels meet,
Grasping themes which earth rejoices
From creation's dawn to greet.

Mark them smile with infant gladness
O'er our parents' paradise—
Their quivering lip and tearful sadness,
When from God's presence Adam flies !

Hear them trace the Bible story—
Tremble at the mighty flood ;
Dread the majesty and glory
Of a just, offended God ;

Listen with sweet, childish pleasure
To the raven and the dove,
Love God's covenant to treasure,
By His rainbow placed above ;

Learn from haughty Babel's tower
The falsity of human pride ;

See sinful cities by God's power
'Whelmed beneath a burning tide ;

Read Abra'm's faith and Moses' meekness ;
Samuel's youthful piety,
David's might and David's weakness—
All his plaintive sorrow see ;

Solomon's wisdom, in strange keeping
With the folly of his son ;
Kings, and priests, and prophets sleeping
With their fathers, one by one,

Till the angel choir, appearing,
Chant the rapturous, heaven-born song,
Peace, goodwill to man, declaring—
Send the Gospel lay along.

See the meek and gentle Jesus,
Sovereign Lord of earth and sky !
See how He his parents pleases,
Up from helpless infancy !

See Him little children blessing,
With the tenderest care and love ;
Declaring, only those possessing
Childhood's faith gain heaven above.

Hear them tell the thrilling story,
Kings and priests desired to know,
Of Christ's suffering, death, and glory,
Saving man from endless woe.

Who would not give to the lovely and good,
Who crave for such little ones heavenly food ?
Who would not shed over poverty's lot
A day-spring to gladden the humblest lot ?
God speed this good work!—May this Infant School be
Like the mustard-seed, germ of tall boughs spreading
free !

Terra Nova shall emulate Albion's fame,
And her children rejoice in her Infant School's name,
And pleasingly dwell in bright years still afar,
On its life-giving fountain—the "Ladies' Bazaar" !

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ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE LADIES'  
BAZAAR.

Come and purchase our fancy ware ;  
Here are things beautiful, rich, and rare—  
Many a little gem of art ;  
Buy from us even a trifling part.

## ON A BOUQUET OF PRIMROSES AND VIOLETS. 55

Fairy fingers at work have been  
To furnish forth this varied scene,  
Come, buy a purse !—we'll charm it to hold  
A wealth for thee of uncounted gold—  
A wealth like his who, though reckon'd mad,  
The more he bestowed, the more he had.  
Lovest thou flowers ? We have them as fair  
As ever were twined in a lady's hair :  
If not for thyself, buy something to prove  
There is still a being on earth to love :  
If thou hast not such, then think 'tis given  
To teach poor children the way to heaven.

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ON A BOUQUET OF PRIMROSES AND  
VIOLETS.

" We had hope in many a spring since then ;  
But they never brought to our hearts again  
Those long-lost violet hours."—FRANCES BROWNE.

THE moon oft waxed and waned since then ;  
Sweet flowers decked the hill and glen :  
The cuckoo heralded the Spring ;  
The swallow sped on Summer wing.  
The scene's been changed, and changed again,  
Till not a shadow doth remain

Of all the bliss our childhood knew—  
Of early friends, loved, tried, and true—  
Of voices hushed, whose music stole  
In deathless cadence o'er my soul—  
Of laughter pealing deep and clear,  
Unheard except by childhood's ear,  
Ringing from out the very soul ;  
Spurning the hollow world's control.  
God's earth ! 'tis very beautiful ;  
Its flowers are for ever the same,  
But selfish man, in his haste to cull  
Brighter and fairer, will crush and pull  
Young, lovely buds that might have been  
Flowers fit to deck a May-day queen,  
Though no botanist lips might have breathed a name  
That linked them with gems in floral fame.  
Oh ! it needs not this for a flower to be  
Instinct with living biography ;  
For the lily fair may flush the cheek,  
Or the damask-rose turn it pale ;  
But the primrose ever clings to me  
With the holiest tie of all—  
    With its fair twin-sister—the violet meek ;  
    For never a primrose pale did we seek  
But the violet was within call.

We sought them under the soft green fern,  
By the shadowy cave and the mountain cairn—  
By the rocky shore and the sedgy stream,  
And the hill that was kissed by the sun's last beam;

And we never sought in vain.

Brighter visions have cheated our future hours;  
Our world has brought us few fadeless flowers;

We have found, for pleasure, pain.

Some the rose have grasped and found the thorn;  
Others' sun has set while yet it was morn :

And they never came again,

With the joyousness of our childhood's days,  
Ere with care we tracked life's dreary maze—  
Ere we dreaded the scorn, or feared the frown,  
Of the world, or grasped at ambition's crown.  
Dear wild-flowers of childhood ! ye wake again  
Undying echoes from memory's strain !

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ON AN INSCRIPTION IN "QUIDI VIDI"
GRAVEYARD.

'TWAS eventide, and I had strayed
Where the silent dead at rest were laid :
It was a lonely spot.

No "storied urns" were there to show,
In sculpture fair, earth's surface woe
For those who earned it not.

Poor, foolish men ! who think to raise
Eternal monuments of praise,
Who sleep by limpid Nile ?
The pyramids, 'tis true, are there ;
But neither name nor rank declare,
Of those who raised the pile.

Whilst thus I mused, my eye espied
A stone with—"Alice born and died,"
"Heaven's kingdom is of such :"
O'er her had sped two sunny years ;
The babe had done with sighs and tears,
Ere yet she felt their touch.

A snowdrop graven for her crest—
A rose-tree planted o'er her breast ;
Affection's hand was there :
The hand of one who loved her smiles—
Of one who watched her artless wiles
With all a mother's care.

What wert thou, pretty babe ?—for shall
Thine image comes, turn where I will,
As something passing fair :
Thy tomb betrays no pomp—no pride ;
A simple name, and nought beside—
“ Alice ” alone is there.

Meet resting-place for thee, fair child !
Unrecked, the cold world frowned or smiled,
Looked pleased, grave, gay, or sad :
Thy household gods were all to thee ;
Thou lov'dst not strangers' eyes to see
The things that made thee glad.

Heaven's offspring, sweet Simplicity !—
In life or death, who loves not thee ?
How beautiful art thou !
Grace, beauty, love, are thine alone :
Whether thy seat be bower or throne,
All hearts before thee bow.



THE DYING CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

LAY me down on my little bed ;
Mother—I am dying :
Speak softly—let no tears be shed,
For holy angels round me spread
Their wings, to aid my flying.

Mother, I longed this morn to play
With a little girl I loved :
Mother, your sobs will fright away
The angels that linger around all day !
I feared, but they have not moved.

And, mother dear, we blithely played
Till I chanced to look on high ;
And my eyes above the blue skies strayed
To my other home, where the flowers ne'er fade,
And the beautiful never die.

And, mother, an angel whispered low
That you would meet me there,
And said that this earth was full of woe,
And that those who longest dwelt below
Cared least for that home so fair.

Then, mother, why should my first glad song
 Be sadden'd with tears from thine eye ?
 For life at the best—no matter how long—
 Is quickly o'er with the great and strong ;
 Then, is it not better to die ?

* * * * *

The fair child's presage of death was right ;
 But it came not to her too soon :
 Her glad spirit winged to heaven its flight,
 And exchanged a world of shadow and night
 For heaven's unclouded noon.

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"THEY SHALL ALL FADE AS A LEAF."

Now Autumn's winds in mournful cadence sweep !  
 It is a solemn season ; turn, and weep,  
 Ye young and beautiful, whose flashing eye  
 And glowing cheek proclaim that ye must die—  
 Must fade away as fades the falling leaf.  
 Your life as sunny—almost, too, as brief,  
 It shone, and danced, and sparkled in the sun,  
 Gemm'd with bright dew drops ; but its race is run :  
 A thing to perish ! See ! its parent tree  
 Bends and recoils, then yields submissively ;

And the sere, trembling leaf before the blast  
Is borne away to mix with earth at last !  
Peasant, prince, potentate, all pass away,  
And earth looks not one whit less fair or gay,  
Unmissed as is the Pleiades' lost star !  
Save by the circle in which now they are.

How many mourn, at dewy evening's close,  
Th' untimely doom of some fair, half-bloom rose—  
Some loving being—best beloved of all,  
On whom life's choicest blessings hourly fall !  
The world is to her view a sunlit dome—  
An idol of each heart within her home.  
An idol !—mortal !—tremble, and beware !  
What think'st thou ?—is she not for earth too fair ?  
Shade back her rich, soft ringlets, where there lies  
Something too bright for earth, in those clear eyes,  
On that fair brow, that glowing lip and cheek.  
Ah ! dread disease ! why still the loveliest seek ?  
Haste !—bear her from her childhood's home away  
To softer climes, where warmer sunbeams play.  
'Tis vain ! She's gone, with flower, and leaf, and bird !  
Her laugh, her voice, her step, no more are heard.  
All, all is hushed ! no whisper now of mirth ;  
Her home is lonely—desolate her hearth.  
'Tis ever thus with us : we look in vain

## TO MARY.

63

To meet with starry, once-loved eyes again,  
That watch'd our Spring buds and our blowing flow'rs;  
They've passed away, we fondly once called ours :  
And all earth's fairest things find life as brief  
And perishable as the fallen leaf.

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## TO MARY.

You'RE sitting at the window, Mary;  
I see the shadows pass,  
In quick succession, one by one,  
Across the long, green grass,  
In the field beside your cottage, where  
In thoughtless school-girl hours  
We often leaped the dyke, Mary,  
To gather Summer flowers.

Strange thoughts are passing through your brain ;  
Your eyes are dim with tears ;  
And memory flies away, Mary,  
To blessed bygone years,  
When we sat beside your desk, Mary,  
The livelong Summer day,  
And chatted, laughed, and sang, Mary,  
As the evening wore away ;

Or stole, from shady Ballina,  
At dewy twilight hours,  
The pure white roses o'er the hedge,  
More dear than other flowers.  
And vainly did you strive, Mary !  
To reason 'gainst our will,  
You loved the pretty flowers, Mary,  
And you loved us dearer still.

I see the pale moon shine, Mary,  
Across the school-room floor ;  
But, oh ! 'tis lonelier now, Mary—  
Far lonelier than before.  
The flowers are in the window, Mary—  
The lilac's by the door :  
My heart is full to bursting, Mary,  
And I must look no more.

'Tis foolish of me, too, Mary ;  
But I must see it all !  
The clock still clicks away, Mary—  
The maps are on the wall !  
But many a voice is hushed in death,  
And many a fond heart cold,  
And many a one, to far lands gone,  
In sordid search of gold.

And they may find it too, Mary—  
Find gold, man's treasured gem—  
But never hearts as true, Mary,  
As graced youth's diadem ;  
Nor such as yours—the noblest soul  
E'er joined with earthly dust ;  
Nearest akin I ever knew  
To those unfallen—uncurst.

I picture you even now, Mary ;  
You're beautiful to me !  
Perchance the world may smile, Mary,  
But they see not as we see.  
For heaven sat on your brow, Mary,  
And in your soft blue eye ;  
And well I know, in weal or woe,  
You communed with the sky.

You say you miss us much, Mary,  
And you trust we'll meet in heaven ;  
But, oh ! if we repine, Mary,  
I trust we'll be forgiven.  
Yet God forbid that we were doomed  
To meet no more on earth :  
What would I give for but one hour  
Beside your peaceful hearth !

Oh ! I would not waste that hour, Mary,  
In telling where I've been—  
In painting foreign lands to you,  
Or strange sights I have seen,  
But I would sit and drink, Mary,  
The music of your voice ;  
What mean those tears ! I'm sure, Mary,  
In that hour I would rejoice.

We would talk of every hour, Mary,  
Since your fingers clasped with mine—  
First taught my infant hand, Mary,  
To pen a speaking line—  
To hem a 'kerchief straight, Mary—  
To crochet, knit, or read—  
To parse by Lindley Murray,  
Whilst I held the "key" instead.

Still, we will meet again, Mary !  
My heart grows strong in trust !  
Our love's too good and pure, Mary,  
E'er to corrode or rust.  
Then, though I say "farewell," Mary,  
'Tis only for a while :  
I see hope's light—'tis pure and bright—  
Shed o'er our own dear isle.

"REJOICE, O YOUNG MAN, IN THY YOUTH."

HASTE, gay young man ! away, and be  
Foremost in the revelry ;  
See ! the tempting banquet spread ;  
See ! the wine is glowing red—  
Quaff it till thy spirit rise—  
Quaff it till thy reason dies ;  
Push it onward !—quaff it still,  
Till o'er thy senses steals a chill—  
Till thy brain begins to swim—  
Till thine eyes are growing dim—  
Till the music's richest swell  
Sounds to thee like passing knell !  
Rejoice young man !—to-night is thine ;  
Deeper drink the sparkling wine.  
The morning breaks—now homeward reel,  
No remorse, nor shame, thou'lt feel,  
Though a mother's heart be broken  
With agony untold—unspoken ;  
Though sister's blush thy name to hear,  
And turn to hide the starting tear.  
It matters not : what carest thou  
For their pallid cheek or brow ?  
Rejoice !—for what ? a drunkard's doom !



A worn-out frame—an early tomb !  
“Remember”—(’tis a solemn word)—  
“Remember,” says earth’s sovereign Lord,  
As surely as His word is said,  
He’ll pour His judgments on thy head !

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IN MEMORY OF —.

ONWARD, my bark ! speed onward !
For, oh ! I long to be
Once more among my living loved,
Across the bounding sea.
I feel as if I ne’er before,
Had yearned so much for home,
Wild wind and wave, oh ! bear me o’er
Across the trackless foam.

Fill, fill our sails till the flashing spray,
Enwreath us like bright clouds ;
Away, my bark, till my home I see,
From my watch-tower in the shrouds.
I am weary—weary of this land,
Though its giant forests rise,
In kingly beauty, sternly grand,
Up to the glowing skies.

Farewell awhile ! our anchor's up ;
I hear the sailor's song,
And my heart beats high with joy to be
O'er the blue waves borne along.
And I will not miss one breath of wind,
Nor shorten one yard of sail,
Till I leave the sea-gull far behind,
Contending with the gale.

Onward and onward sped that bark,
Proud, beautiful, and free ;
In safety reached her sailor's home ;
But HE—oh ! where was HE ?
Vain all his yearning for his home :
Twelve days from land he died :
The bark rode safe o'er ocean's foam—
He sank beneath its tide.

Within his home, oh ! none might dare
Tell to the world the woe
That crushed out hope—that bade despair
Reign, now he was laid low :
Laid low ?—the beautiful—the brave—
Where no kind hand was near,
To soothe his passage to the grave
With love that conquers fear.

They told—the stern and fearless men—
That tempests round them swept !
We feared to ask if even one
By his death-bed watch had kept ;
Yet painted oft the dreadful scene
We dreaded to have known ;
Suspense !—the worst could not have been
Worse than what thou hast shown.

Yet, sure, if angels minister
In hours of mortal woe,
And prayer can reach the Holy One,
At whose command they go,
Would they not calm with gentlest sound
Earth's last sad strife with death,
And pour their holy notes around,
To soothe the parting breath ?

The tempest sweeps unheeded by ;
To him 'tis nothing now :
'Tis past—the eye is lustreless—
The fever left the brow.
The tyrant Death hath power no more,
Nor yet the green, glad earth :
Ocean's dark waves part, and close o'er
Relics of love and mirth.

Hush tempest ! gently sweep :
Dost thou not know
There is grief cannot weep,
So deep its woe ?
Ocean wild ! softly bear
To thy cold breast
What was once bright and fair,
Beloved and blest.
Twine for him, ocean bright,
Thy soft sea-flowers ;
Tinge them with hues of light
Nearest to ours :
'Mid his dark locks enwreathe,
Round his proud brow,
Once full of "thoughts that breathe"—
Sad, silent now !
Mortal ! what seek'st thou most,
When thou art not ?
Ere thou to earth art lost ?—
To be forgot.
Then peaceful, beloved one,
Thy slumbers may be ;
They perish with death alone,
Memories of thee.
Everything tells of thee—

Beauty and light—
What thou wert wont to be,
Ere Death came to blight.
Sadness and sorrow,
Darkness and gloom,
Their darkest rays borrow
From thy silent tomb.
Ah! yes, sad thoughts of thee
Most love to sweep
Over the mighty sea,
When storms wake the deep.
Forget!—can the sea forget,
In ceaseless unrest,
When its wild waves have met
With foaming crest,
That there is a Power
Can always control,
In its haughtiest hour,
Its waves ceaseless roll?
Forget!—oh! we may forget
Pleasure and peace;
Sad, sad is our regret
Such mem'ries should cease.
But when sorrow so blasting
Hath furrowed the heart,

'Tis too deep and too lasting
 From memory to part.
 Grief is not grief
 If it can be forgot :
 Only death is relief
 From thy monarchy, Thought;
 And only with thought
 Can his memories cease,
 And with death shall be brought
 To his cherished ones peace.

ON A CELEBRATED PAINTER'S SKETCHING
 HIS DAUGHTER'S FACE AFTER DEATH.

DEATH ! leave no trace of thine upon her face !
 Oh ! is it not enough that thou hast taken
 Her bright smile, starry eyes, each winning grace ?
 Thy work is done—thou never canst efface
 Mem'ries which must again and oft awaken ;
 And I must give them form ! there yet shall be
 A speaking something left to solace me.

God help me ! for henceforth this must be all
 That I can have on earth. Hence blinding tears !

Dim not mine eyes ; I will not let you fall
E'en though mine eyelids burst. Grief wears no pall,
But should submit to love—the love of years.
And I must sketch the face I once thought mine,
Till it shall be, again, almost divine.

Oh ! nerve my hand, high Heaven ! and calm my brain !
Till I may gaze on her and think her sleeping ;
Give but one glimpse of that fair form again,
Ere death swept past and left its blighting stain.
Hush !—list !—that “still, small voice” around her
breaking,
Dispels all earthly grief. By faith I see
A vision bright—her immortality.

Yes, yes ! she lives, and I can paint her now—
Give to her lip its glowing, vermeil streak ;
Encircle with bright, holy calm her brow ;
Call back lost charms to which no flatterers bow ;
Wreath wonted smiles upon her rose white cheek ;
Illume her eye with intellectual light,
As near as can be to what bless'd my sight.

* * * * *

The prototype is gone ; yet, wondrous art !

The grave is robbed by thee, and I can still
Gaze on the form I loved, till death shall part

My soul and body, when this trembling heart

Shall throb no more ; nor need I earthly skill
To soothe my memory : we shall reunite
In realms above, where all is life and light.

DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

“ A requiem—and for whom ?
For valour fallen : a broken rose or sword ? ”

THY country's weal attained—

Thy country's battles won—

No mean ambition stained—

Thou glorious Wellington !

No recklessness of life—

No grasping for a crown—

Humane even 'midst a battle's strife.

How great was thy renown !

And when war passed away,

At the council board was heard,

With statesman's ruling sway,

Thy short, decisive word.

Yet childhood claimed thy smile,
Youth's pleasures charmed thy sense ;
No power seductive e'er to wile
Thine hours of indolence.

Thy latest strife is o'er—
Not in battle's stern array,
But on Albion's tranquil shore,
Has thy sun set on the day.
Yet thou'st gained undying glory
From a hundred battles won,
And thy name in deathless story
Shall from age to age be known.

Conqueror of conquerors ! sleep:
Stern death is conqueror now !
Honour and fame have failed to keep
Him from thy laurelled brow.
Thou art fallen, in a good old age ;
And a grateful people mourn
That thou'rt passed away from this earthly stage
To the unreturning bourne.



"EXCELSIOR."

ALWAYS keep some end in view ;
Never let your life be aimless,
Though the object you pursue
Should even by your lips be nameless :
Rest not satisfied you've done
All your fathers did before ye :
Not thus the great and good have won
Honour, power, fame, and glory.

Had Howard tracked his father's course—
Been as good and nothing better—
Never tried what gentle force
Could do to ease the suffering debtor—
We had never heard his name
Linked with all that's good and holy;
Never felt, for once, that Fame
Had not spoken aught but truly.

Had Newton gazed on day and night,
Chasing each one from their portal,
Satisfied he knew of light
Quite as much as any mortal,

His genius might have soared away,
Like a comet, wild—erratic;
Science ne'er had gained a ray
From light so pure and so prismatic.

Had Franklin watched the lightning's glare
Tremblingly as did his mother,
We had never talked through air,
Quick as thought, to one another.
Had Fulton watched the kettle boil—
Studied not what made it shiver—
Steam had never saved man toil,
Sped him o'er earth, sea, and river !

If your fathers gained a name,
Study ye to make it greater ;
If it was unknown to fame,
Resolve to leave it so no later.
Be your post how low soever—
Toil at anvil, loom, or mill—
Every chain that binds you, sever,
Till the highest post you fill.

Study not what others think ;
Seek not what you can't attain ;

From toil and danger never shrink,
There is a point which you can gain ;
By God's blessing, if you ask it,
And with stern endeavour joined
If there be indolence, then task it,
With a firm and steady mind.

No one ever yet could climb well
If he did not still look higher ;
Fix a point and mind your time well—
You'll gain to what you now aspire.
Never yield, though oft defeated ;
Keep your eye upon your aim ;
In the end, though worn and heated,
You'll obtain a place and name.

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THE WILD ROSE.

FAIR, faded thing! in fancy now  
I see thee deck the mountain's brow ;  
I even now thy fragrance feel,  
In fondest memories, round me steal :  
Back to my soul again it brings  
A thousand sweet imaginings.

Thou art a wild-flower from my home,  
Sent to me o'er the ocean's foam,  
Culled for me from my scenes of youth,  
By the faithful hands of love and truth,  
And pressed to the lips of a child as fair  
As thy blossoms pure—and as free from care.  
Thou hast bloomed, fair flower, where the rocks around,  
Have echoed my childhood's happiest sound—  
Where each friend was linked in that silken chain  
That, once formed, can ne'er be broken again.  
Thou'rt dearer to me, thus withered and lone  
Than the fairest rose by the summer blown !  
Then I greet thee, my flower, and I bid thee hail,  
As a treasured memento that ne'er can fail !

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PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

THE PAST.

WHAT was the past ? joy, hope, and strife ;
Catching at phantoms—clinging to life ;
Rainbow hopes and shadowy fears—
Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
Blended so softly that sorrows seem,
In the vista, a half-remembered dream ;

And Joy seems clipp'd of his airy wing,
And Pleasure has proved a hollow thing,
And hopes were false, which we fondly nursed ;
We grasped the bubble, and, lo ! it burst.
But those doubts and fears that long distress'd
Our anxious hearts, are hushed to rest :
'Neath the darkest cloud is the brightest bow:
Ask of the past—hath it not been so ?

THE PRESENT.

What is the present ? We scarce can tell.
It is with us now—let us use it well ;
Let us soothe the sorrowing, wipe the tear
From the orphan's cheek while we sojourn here ;
Waste not a moment unemployed :
Time unimproved is time destroyed.
The buried talent, although restored,
Failed to appease the righteous lord.
Why not improve the talent given ?
Why give back Heaven's own gift to Heaven ?
What if the earth refuse to grow
The golden corn from the seed we sow ?
What if the acorn we plant with care
Refuse the stately oak to bear ?
Barren or blighted, we are the same,

And never think ourselves to blame !
Improve the PRESENT : it will not last,
Now was the PRESENT of the PAST.

THE FUTURE.

What is the Future ? Mercy alone
A gracious veil has o'er it thrown,
Wove by her hands. Hope shone the while,
And lightened the work by her gracious smile ;
And the veil retains the look Hope wore,
And gilds the future o'er and o'er.
We are grasping at pleasures—how bright they seem !
Reality scatters the pleasing dream :
For the fairest rose has a hidden thorn,
Yet the darkest night has a radiant morn.
Father in heaven ! all praise to thee,
Thou hast mingled our cup most equally ;
Just given enough of bitter to show
That we must not make our rest below—
Enough of sweet and of hope to raise
Our grateful hearts to Thee in praise,
And where Hope's finger points the way,
To seek through the Future a brighter day.

THE DREAMER.

I SAT upon a rocky height,
Beside a time-worn tower ;
The rising moon shed mellowed light
O'er castle, crag, and flower :
The ocean stretched its waves below,
It slept—the treacherous deep—
As if no ruffling breeze might e'er
Disturb it in its sleep.
The stars looked down in sparkling grace,
Their mirrored forms to see ;
And heaven, and earth, and ocean seemed
In perfect harmony.

I sat and dreamed, and the future seemed
To pass before mine eye
As bright and fair, as free from care,
As the sleep of infancy ;

As happy and gay as the summer day
When we followed the butterfly's track—
When we crushed the flowers in our thoughtless hours,
And they flung us their fragrance back.

And each childish woe of long ago
Had passed from our breasts away,
Like the dazzling snow 'neath the bright sun's glow,
Till our earth looked green and gay.

But the spell soon broke, and the dreamer woke,
And the bright scene charmed no more ;
And a crumbling stone from that castle lone
Was borne from the rocky shore.

Memory ! wherefore wilt thou still
Wander back to that tower-crowned hill ?
I look on the past, and friends are gone—
Some to a world where care is unknown,
The brows of some have grown "chill and changed,"
And the hearts of others are far estranged ;
Yet I'd rather trust on and be deceived
Than deem them false whom I once believed ;
Far better dream that they still are true
Though the reed we lean on may pierce us through ;
For world-worn wand'ers, weighed down with care,
Will find that doubt is allied to despair.



ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL

(EMMA A. R.)

SHE slept—you could not call it death,
So terrorless it seemed ;
I almost stooped to catch her breath,
And fancied that she dreamed,
So tranquil was that fair young face :
No mark of suffering you could trace.

The dark hair parted on her brow—
That brow so free from care;
The pencilled lashes resting low
On cheek as white rose fair;
So passionless—nor smile nor shade,
On lip or brow, had death portrayed.

Her little hand clasped half-blown flowers;
That hand—how beautiful !
It rivalled all the sculptor's powers,
And all the painter's skill :
Around her couch were flowers and leaves ;
For broken flowers who ever grieves ?

Had not those flowers a nobler end,
Than fading where they grew ?
Did not their shade and perfume tend
To soften death's dark hue—
To tell of flowers beyond the tomb—
Flowers that eternally shall bloom ?

And who could weep for that fair child ?
Tears seemed a mockery ;
Tears for the bright—the undefiled—
The heiress of the sky.
Ah, no !—if ever Jesus smiled,
'Twas when He blessed a little child.

What ! tears on earth for joy in heaven !
Another angel's song—
Another golden harp is given,
God's praises to prolong.
Lord ! teach us that we may proclaim,
For all thou dost we bless Thy name.



WELCOME TO SPRING.

HAIL to thee, hail ! sweet smiling Spring,
For the life and the beauty thou dost bring,
With thy chaplet of flowers and of leaflets green,
And thy tiny bursting buds between ;
With thy freshening leaves on a thousand trees,
And the music borne on thy balmy breeze
Of childhood's laughter wild and free,
Gushing forth in unstudied melody.
Dearer and sweeter it is by far
Than the music of lute or soft guitar.
Holy and pure, unsaddened by tears
Is the merry laugh of those sunny years,
Recalling dreams of our own sweet home—
Of our childhood's hours, when we loved to roam,
Away where the rocks, majestic piled,
Hid in each crevice the flow'ret wild—
The delicate primrose of modest hue—
The graceful hyacinth's deep rich blue—
The violet hiding in ferny bowers,
The meadow-sweet with its starry showers.
Hush ! back with these thoughts ! they but oppress
The mind with a sense of loneliness ;

They call back visions that long have fled,
Friends numbered with the silent dead,
And some far severed by life's rough stream,
Passing away like a shadowy dream ;
Cheating fond hopes that we deemed by far
Too sure for the world's cold breath to mar.
Away ! let mournful things be told,
When Autumn's leaves are sere and old.
Hail to thee, Springtime, hail ! What although
Thou art resting here on untrodden snow !
Thou art glowing on scenes as grandly wild
As any on which the sun hath smiled ;
Thou art calling forth beauty, and life, and grace
In forests untrod by the human race ;
Thou art kissing the ice, and the waters leap
In joyful haste to their parent deep ;
Thou art sending our sealers and proud ships home
With their precious freights o'er the ocean's foam.
Then, Springtime, we greet thee with outstretched hand
To our home by adoption—to Newfoundland.
Italia's sons could never send forth
A welcome equal to ours of the North.
Then, Father, give, for the earth is thine,
Grateful hearts for the warm sunshine.

A REQUIEM.

SPRINGTIME sweet ! we give thee greeting

For thy bygone happy hours—

For tears at parting, joys of meeting ;

Like a rainbow, bright but fleeting;

Like the shower and sunshine meeting

In thy budding bowers,

Gathering thousand memories

From calendars of former days.

Whether are fled thy glances now ?

Present, past, or future strewn.

With buds and flowers—thy bright-wreathed brow
Should wear a joyous tone.

"It is not so !" says thoughtful Spring ;

"My buds and flowers I cheerfully fling

O'er the graves of the good and lovely dead.

I have been at thy childhood's home, and shed,

In tribute grateful o'er that sweet spot,

A wreath of daisies, 'forget-me-not,'

And every flower thou wouldst have brought

To strew on the narrow home of one

Who chose to rest 'neath that pure white stone,

Rather than share a vault where lay

The mouldering relics of kindred clay."

She needed not the pomp of earth ;
Her's were a mind and soul supreme.
Oh ! how it checks our Springtime mirth,
This sad and mournful theme,
Tho' we know that her soul is away with the blest,
Where sorrow can never come !
The poor, whom she loved, may seek her rest,
Beside her own fair home ;
But who will answer their midnight call ?
For she was to them physician—all ;
Though mixing with Fashion's gayest throng,
With taste unequalled in sketch or song,
She never shrank from the humblest poor,
Morn, noon, and night she sought their door,
To soothe the dying, and weep with those
Who bent 'neath the weight of earthly woes :
Oh ! mourn for her bitterly, rocky isle !
Methinks thy sea-mews' wail
Will sound a more plaintive note the while
It is borne on the fitful gale ;
And the surf, as it beats on the rocky shore,
Seems it not sadder now and lower ?
How solemn—how measured—that dip of the oar,
As the little, airy bark glides by
The spot where her hallowed ashes lie !

And the evening's beam sheds a softer gleam
 On that church beneath the
 And the rock-house flowers lie 'neath their bowers
 Methinks I see it still.
 And the lark soars up from its grassy nest,
 With its mellowed roundelay :
 And the thrush above thy place of rest
 Wakes with the waking day,
 And chants forth a requiem fitting thee—
 Rich, mild wood-notes gushing free,
 At morn and eve unceasingly.
 I thank thee, sweet Spring! for I know thou wilt bring
 Those little flowers to which memories cling,
 And scatter them over the spot where lies
 One of God's holy votaries.

"PASSING AWAY!"

"PASSING away"! No shadows lie
 Around the blessed truth's low swell ;
 But in a world where all things die,
 It charms us like a holy spell.



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We thank Thee for it, O our God !
'Mid suffering, change, disease, decay—
Most gratefully we kiss the rod,
And bless Thee we, too, pass away.

"Passing away !" What cheering words,
When fond mementoes, seen through tears,
Recal to view the silken cords
That bound our hearts to bygone years ;
A flaxen curl from childhood's brow,
Whereon a cloud might never stay—
Whose memory falls like sunlight now ;
Father ! 'tis well we pass away.

"Passing away !" As years roll on,
One and another fade from view :
Our little world becomes more lone ;
New friends seem not like old—so true ;
And old ones left look sadly changed—
True hearts have raven locks turned grey.
And others false have grown—estranged :
'Tis well from such we pass away.

"Passing away !" Not rudely torn,
Relentlessly, from all things fair,
But softly as the star of morn
Steals o'er the brow of night and care ;

Calmly as twilight o'er the earth
Soothes into rest the hum of day—
Not as quick sorrow, quenching mirth,
But gently slow, we pass away.

“Passing away !” More softly sweet
The hallowed words become with years :
Through them we see a calm retreat,
Untouched by sin—unsoiled by tears ;
A blessed home—a sacred rest—
Round which eternal sunbeams play ;
Where pain can never reach the blest,
Nor can they ever pass away.

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### SOLITUDE NOT LONELINESS.

THERE is no loneliness in solitude,  
Where all around is beautiful and good :  
Earth's great Creator—God—the only Wise—  
Saw, at His word, its vales and mountains rise ;  
River and lake, sweet flower and spreading wood ;  
Gazed on it all—pronounced it “very good.”

Is thy lot cast among the common herd ?  
Study to raise them by each look and word ;

To virtue, beauty's richest colouring give ;  
Show them 'tis for eternity they live.  
Clothe real Good with most attractive grace,  
And tear the softening veil from Evil's face ;  
Acknowledge sterling worth, however lowly—  
Let thine esteem be won by merit solely ;  
Labour to make thyself a source of good,  
Then fear not loneliness in solitude,  
Although no kindred heart respond to thine—  
No laurel chaplet round thy brows entwine.

Woo Nature ! List ! how earnestly she pleads !  
None should be lonely where'er duty leads.  
Say, art thou weary and requirest rest ?  
Seek some lone lake, beneath a mountain's crest,  
Where massy shadows fall, and there is heard  
No sound of laden bee or wandering bird.  
The water-lily on its bosom grows,  
Lulled by its heavings into sweet repose ;  
Where feathery ferns, in soft, refreshing green,  
Rise up in mimic groves to grace the scene,  
And from the sunless depths with hues as faint  
As luxury on Beauty's cheek can paint,  
Untinged by sun or storm, long slender stems  
Put forth fair flow'rets, decked with dewy gems,

Emitting odours whose soft-wafted breath  
Feels like a balm that could revive in death.  
Call you not this repose—ay, such repose  
As gives fresh strength to bear life's future woes ?  
Then, wouldst thou seek enjoyment ? — sounds that  
    please ?

Go where the winds make music in the trees,  
In tuneful murmurs, while the sunlight streams  
Through waving boughs in thousand radiant gleams;  
Where the bright, laughing rill, through whispering  
    sedge,  
Leaps up to kiss the flowers that grace its edge ;  
Where the bee murmurs, and the wild bird's song,  
Commingling, trills harmoniously along,  
In such sweet concert that Euterpe's ear,  
Fails in it one discordant sound to hear.  
With such companionship in solitude,  
I ask, dare ever loneliness intrude ?

But it is night, thou urgest. Is there nought  
In queenly night to banish lonely thought ?  
There may be deep solemnity, we own,  
When thousand living orbs mount heaven's high throne,  
And Cynthia, softly sweeping, sheds a haze  
Of mild and dreamy splendour o'er their blaze.

We may feel insignificant ; a thought  
May flash upon us—we may be forgot :  
Where all these mighty objects claim God's care,  
Can such an atom in His counsels share ;  
And talk of loneliness, whilst all around  
Live, breathe, and praise, in silence or in sound ?  
What then is loneliness ? It is to be  
Amid a city's sin and misery  
Companionless, where pleasure mockery seems—  
Its pageant idle as unreal dreams ;  
Where all is false, the tear-drop in the eye  
Dissolves again for lack of sympathy ;  
Suffering and sorrow wear a ghastly smile  
And only study how they may beguile,  
For well they know the butterflies that wing  
In pleased enchantment round the flowers of Spring :  
Withdraw the sun—let the bright colours die,  
In search of gayer scenes they quickly fly,  
Where well thou knowest thy real joy or sorrow,  
A moment from their own could never borrow.  
'Tis here in scenes like these—and such scenes only  
The purely good and noble can feel lonely.  
Must shrink Mimosa-like from the rude touch  
Of man's own empire—peopled by but such  
As with discordant touch make life's chords jar,



Till harsh-voiced discord rise to deadly war,  
And without unison in look, word, tone,  
We are —without a solitude—alone.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DOCTOR  
BEAUMONT,

THE EMINENT WESLEYAN MINISTER, WHO EXPIRED SUDDENLY  
IN WALTHAM STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, JUST AS HE UTTERED  
THE TWO FOLLOWING LINES OF THE FIRST HYMN ON SUNDAY  
MORNING :—

"Thee, while the first Archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings."

WESLEY'S HYMNS, page 305, Hymn 316.

SERVANT of God ! well done !  
Thy heavenly crown is won ;  
Telling how angels sing,  
Thy raptured soul took wing,  
Ere sickness or decay  
Had stolen one hour away ;  
No river deep to cross—  
No dread of pain or loss—  
No parting, when we rend,  
From every earthly friend—  
No knowledge that the earth,

With all its joy and mirth,  
Its beauty and its light,  
Death was closing from thy sight—  
No vale of deepest shade,  
Where the mightiest are afraid.

Thou of the trumpet-tongue,  
On which so many hung !  
Thy words rang out God's praise,  
Such as holy angels raise,  
When with veiled face they sing  
Hymns to their glorious King.  
Praise—thy last employ on earth,  
Higher, holier, shall be thine :  
Thou shalt rise from mortal birth,  
And join thy lays with hosts Divine.  
But an instant—all is o'er :  
Thou art safe on Canaan's shore,  
One brief step from earth to heaven.  
Bid death triumphantly farewell,  
Life immortal to thee given,  
Hail it with a rapturous swell ;  
Shout, with all th' angelic throng,  
One unending heaven-born song.  
Swift thy flight as chariot driven

By the flaming hosts of heaven,  
When the Tishbite soared away  
In his tenement of clay ;

And thy people mourn for thee  
As Elisha's mourning rose—

My Father, who wert won't to be  
Chariots, horsemen, to our foes,  
Lay down thine armour bright,  
Untarnished sword and shield—

Conqueror in many a fight,  
Now quit the field !  
Thy goal is won—thou wear'st the crown ;  
How worthless earth is thy renown,  
Glancing by with but meteor light—  
A moment—and 'tis lost to sight.  
But thy reward, oh ! it will last  
When empires, earth, and time are past ;  
Undimmed and unalloyed 'twill be—  
Co-eval with eternity.  
Servant of God ! well done !—well done !  
Thy rest is gained !—thy crown is won !



## A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Ps xxxiv. 11.

A HOLY spot's a Sabbath-school at eve,  
When young, glad voices swell the anthem high !  
What hallowed memories to our souls then cleave,  
Of hours thus spent, but which are now gone by !

A resting-place it is, 'twixt earth and heaven.  
Tremble, young teacher ! much depends on thee  
Of how these children's future life is given—  
Of what they are, or what they yet may be.

Calm thoughtfulness should sit upon thy brow ;  
Bend low thy knee, and ask thy Father's aid  
To teach thy heart, with heavenly wisdom, how  
Divine instruction can be best conveyed.

Enforce great truths with solemn earnestness ;  
Win the young hearts by tenderness and love ;  
Show that Religion's ways are pleasantness,  
That "all her paths are peace," and lead above !

Study each varied character and mind,  
And suit thy teaching to each different state ;  
Gently support the weak, and lead the blind,  
Pointing to all eternity's dread weight.

Impulsively the blood mounts to your cheek,  
To think so many beings, all immortal,  
With childish faith believe each word you speak,  
And, through your vision, gaze through heaven's  
portal.

The souls committed to thy charge may be  
Designed, perchance, to fill earth's Great Ones' story ;  
But more important far it is to thee,  
Designed to fill an early place in glory.

Where are the children that knelt by our side—  
The low, sweet voices that we loved so much ?  
No charm earth links that Death cannot divide—  
No mortal form too subtle for his touch.

Life's joys are fleeting—records traced on sand ;  
Death's wave sweeps over them : they all are gone :  
Then teach thy young charge something that will stand  
When seasons, earth, and time are all withdrawn.

## WINTER.

SAD, gloomy old Winter ! thou'rt coming again,  
And we tremble with awe at thy terrible reign,  
With thy fearful repose—so unearthly—so dread—  
And thy white, chilly shroud, to encircle thy dead ;  
Thou hast nought, even plaintive, around thee old king,  
For doleful and wild is the song thou dost sing.  
Lone Autumn's sere leaves, they are crushed 'neath thy  
heel ;  
E'en their rustling is hushed as thy cold breath they  
feel ;  
And the rill, with its low, rippling music, is stilled,  
For thy mandate so stern, Nature's empire has filled ;  
And the bird's song is hushed, and the bee's pleasant  
hum,  
No longer at noon o'er the meadows will come ;  
And the soft veil of mist, that so gracefully swept  
Over mountain and lake when the rosy sun slept,  
Wafted off with his waking, and left the bright flowers  
Dew-sparkling to meet him, refreshed as with showers:  
All have fled at thy presence : how wilt thou atone  
For their absence, stern monarch, now reigning alone ?  
“ I come at thy call !—none fears for me—  
No bud, nor flower, nor stately tree ;

For Autumn was here ; and their green leaves pass'd  
With a mournful sound, 'neath his sweeping blast.  
Thine earth to me looked all bleak and lone,  
And I saw that its beauty was dead and gone.  
So in pity I come, and gracefully throw  
O'er the blighted verdure my robe of snow,  
As pure and bright as a bridal veil,  
Wrapping in softness each hill and dale.  
I look on the rill, and its murmuring tide  
Wails the flowers that have gone from its sunny side ;  
And the lake is mourning its lily-queen,  
That spread o'er its waters her broad leaves green,  
Lifting above them her royal head,  
Which out to the sunshine its petals spread.  
I saw all this, and I soothed the stream,  
'Neath my magic wand, to a pleasant dream ;  
And I breathed on it yet, till its waters froze,  
As marble founts 'neath my hand arose,  
So rich and so varied in form and mould,  
That they charmed like flowers of green and gold.

I swept o'er the lake, with a kingly tread  
And a crystal carpet was o'er it spread ;  
And happy children, on skate or sleigh,  
Rejoiced in my merry holiday ;  
And I made the air more ethereal still,

And echoed their laugh from hill to hill ;  
I fanned the stars till they burned more bright,  
And seemed to dance in the Northern light.  
I made moonlight beauty more serene,  
And daguerreotyped many a bygone scene  
To the old and feeble, the changed and sad,  
Of days of yore when their hearts were glad—  
When their song rang out with the sleigh-bell's tone,  
As they sped away through the forests lone.  
Sweet scene ! The youth, while his fingers guide  
His noble steed, oft turns aside  
To whisper low, tender words to one  
He has promised to love through life alone ;  
His heart's first idol—none e'er can be  
Adored with the same idolatry.  
The reckless may laugh, and the haughty frown ;  
'Tis useless all—he can never drown  
The wayward fancy that wings its flight  
To the bliss enjoyed in the soft moonlight.  
With liberal hand the bright snowflake  
O'er the leafless boughs of the wood I shake ;  
I know that your eyes will miss the flowers  
That bloomed erewhile in your garden bowers ;  
So I breathe on your windows and crust them o'er  
With leaves and blossoms a glistening store,



Fantastic in form—as if fairy wand  
Had touched the pane with a painter's hand.

Why call me "old?" Merry Christmas I own,  
And the happy New Year is mine alone.  
How can I be old, when I call to play  
The gleesome child and the stripling gay?  
Why call me stern? I plead for the poor,  
And whisper their wants from door to door.  
Why call me gloomy? What smiles so bright,  
As fireside faces on Winter's night?  
'Tis only in fancy that Winter has been  
To so many soft eyes a sombre scene:  
The darkest cloud has a silvery speck  
Which the sun is gilding behind its back.

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WESTERN ISLE.

THE dark Atlantic's waters foam  
All fiercely round our isle,  
And rocks, in tower, and arch, and dome,  
Are reared in many a pile.

Though here no aromatic flowers,  
Of varied form and hue,  
May greet the eye 'neath citron bowers,  
Or skies of cloudless blue—

No princely mansions here and there  
Deck some calm river's side,  
Whose waters onward gaily bear  
A nation's wealth and pride.

Yet on our stern and wave-worn shore  
Night's queen shines mildly bright  
As when the palm-rock'd song-birds pour  
Their lays in tropic night.

All hoarsely sounds the thunder's roar,  
Along the mountains booming,  
And surges madly lash the shore,  
Beneath the tempest's looming.

To me is sweeter, dearer far,  
My own home's quiet gladness,  
Than all the scenes of pleasure are  
Where laughter is but madness.

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL!—what is there in the word,  
By which the hardest heart is stirr'd !  
The haughtiest bend—the coldest weep—  
And parting words still longest keep ;  
And memory ever loves to dwell  
Upon the last fond word—farewell !

The noble leaves his father's hall,  
Where pleasure waited on his call ;  
Beneath these oaks his childhood play'd,  
His laughter echoed through this glade :  
What painful thoughts his bosom swell  
As to them all he bids farewell !

The soldier leaves his humble cot,  
Where poverty was all his lot :  
Do victory's laurels crown his brow,  
Or dire defeat attend him now ?  
Or does the trumpet war foretel ?  
Still lingers that sad word—farewell !

The sailor leaves his own dear home,  
To track the ocean's flashing foam :

How is it that the starting tear  
Comes when no storm or danger's near ?  
It is, that o'er the billow's swell  
Comes back that sound of home—farewell !

The young bride leaves the bowers of youth,  
For promised honour, love, and truth ;  
But, oh ! can after years e'er bring  
Back to her heart its laughing spring ?  
Around her heart is thrown a spell,  
By that fond parting word—farewell !

Our first farewell is sealed by tears,  
Which haunt us long through other years ;  
Yet something still forbids to mourn :  
There is another word—"Return !"   
An antidote with poison dwells,  
And glad RETURNS drown sad FAREWELLS !

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A TRIBUTE TO MRS. HARRIET BEECHER  
STOWE

God speed thee, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE !  
Thy hand hath dealt the mightiest blow

That e'er made giant Slavery reel.  
Not half so much would "owners" feel,  
If, at the dreadful "noon of night,"  
The toil-worn slaves should all unite,  
And, mad from cruelty and wrong,  
Strike, with relentless arm and strong,  
Those who oppressed them till their cry  
Ascended to th' affrighted sky.  
Thy truthful tale, portrayed so well,  
Makes every feeling bosom swell  
With indignation at the woe  
Heaped up by man on man below ;  
And long through coming years thy name  
Shall shine upon the page of fame,  
With Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Fry,  
And Howard—names that cannot die.  
The honour which they won on earth  
Was nobler far than noble birth—  
Nobler than trophies won in war,  
Where death attends the conqueror's car.  
Thine arm is merciful and kind—  
To wake to sight a nation blind—  
A nation generous, brave, and free,  
Boasting the flag of Liberty ;  
Upholding temperance, union, peace—

A land whose wealth and power increase ;  
Favoured by heaven with every good—  
A wealth of valley, river, wood ;  
With cataracts whose surges leap  
Wild, grand, and vast, from steep to steep ;  
Her valleys rich with waving grain,  
Her rivers mighty as the main ;  
Her forests—even now I see,  
Those glorious old woods, tree by tree,  
Clad in their beauteous Summer sheen—  
Their robe of softest emerald green.  
Oh ! may thy nation still be free  
As cataract, valley, river, tree !  
What ! free, and own one trembling slave !  
Scorn it, land of the free and brave !  
All Christendom is watching thee.  
Let thy poor, suffering Negroes free ;  
Let bond-rule tarnish not thy glory—  
A dark blot in thy future story !  
A plague-spot in thy land—a curse,  
Oh ! who could paint or fancy worse  
Than beings immortal bought and sold,  
In thy soul-thrilling story told ?  
Of children like poor "Topsy," thrown  
Helpless upon the world alone ;

Never knowing father, mother,  
Friend, relation, sister, brother—  
Maker, Redeemer—ought to love  
On earth beneath—in heaven above.  
Of women, talented, refined—  
Nought differing from us in mind—  
Because the slave-shade tints their brow,  
Forced 'neath a tyrant's power to bow !  
Never can come a jubilee  
When they and theirs shall all go free.  
No !—from the frenzied mother tear  
Her sleeping babe : it may not share  
Nor soothe her sorrow ; it is sold—  
For what ?—the trader's paltry gold.  
Sever the ties of man and wife—  
God's holy tie, that binds for life :  
What matters that the bleeding heart  
To bursting throbs ? 'tis done !—they part !  
Yes ; and a *Christian* takes the gold  
For which his friendless brother's sold.  
A *Christian* !—What ! akin to those  
Of whom, in Antioch, said their foes,  
“ See how these Christian's love each other ! ”  
Could white men call a Negro “ brother ” ?  
Why not ? They own one common God ;

They're ransomed by one Saviour's blood.  
For fickle wealth's inglorious pride,  
Despise not those for whom Christ died.  
Say not, "The picture's overwrought ;  
Such 'Uncle Toms' live but in thought."  
Slave-holder ! at God's mighty bar  
You'll meet slaves that as holy are—  
Slaves who have won a glorious crown,  
Without poor "Uncle Tom's" renown,  
Who fell in silence, with no pen  
To paint their glorious deaths to men;  
And slavers, too, with fame as fair  
As noble, generous, kind St. Clair.  
Oh ! learn a lesson from his fate ;  
Kindness may come a day too late.  
Say not thy slaves love slavery,  
And happier are than thousands free :  
(Believ'st thou this ?—then tell them so,  
And let them forth from bondage go).  
In vain thou glossest slavery o'er  
With veil that Mokhanna wore ;  
Its real face we cannot see  
Until unmasked by some "Legrée"—  
Foul portrait as Mokhanna drew—  
Accursed Slavery meets our view.



We shrink, like Zelica, to see  
Such hideous, dread deformity !

Poor slave escaped ! there's for thy head  
The same price given, alive or dead ;  
Bloodhounds thy quivering limbs shall tear,  
Whilst shrieks of anguish rend the air.  
O God, most holy, just and true,  
How can Thine eyes with mercy view  
Such dreadful deeds, and yet not make  
Their land like Sodom's fearful lake ?  
Lord ! wake their slumbering souls to see  
The sinfulness of Slavery,  
And give them not repose or rest  
Till slaves are free, and Slave States blest.

Again : God speed her mighty pen  
Whose power hath swayed the hearts of men !  
May she achieve her glorious aim,  
And slaves, when freemen, bless her name,  
And show by lasting gratitude  
How much they prize the great and good :  
By some substantial honour show  
That Christian souls a tribute owe  
To noble HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## UNCLE TOM'S DEATH SCENE \*

"JESUS ! by thy mighty power  
I am kept until this hour ;  
Earthly succour tarries long,  
Thine arm is ever near and strong.  
I am purchased by Thy blood—  
Ransomed by the Son of God.

"Bless the Lord !—I come !—I come !  
Saviour ! I am going home—  
Home !—call me no longer poor ;  
Massa, see the open door :  
All heaven's glories round me shine ;  
I am Christ's, and heaven is mine !

"Tell poor Chloe nought you see  
Of my body's agony ;  
Only tell her of my story,  
That you found me going to glory ;  
That I longed so to be gone,  
I could not wait for any one.

---

\* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," chap. xli., p. 281.

"Tell her always, day and night,  
Jesus made my burden light ;  
Never left me—not one hour ;  
Still upheld me by His power :  
My children, how I pined to see !  
Tell them all to follow me.

"Follow me !—I love them all !  
Massa, missus !—could I call  
With a voice that heaven could move,  
I would utter nought but love.  
Christ is love—ay, love divine—  
And I feel that Christ is mine.

"Curse not Legrée—he has but given  
My soul a quicker road to heaven :  
If he repent, O Lord ! forgive ;  
Grant that he in heaven may live :  
How could I for a moment hate ?  
He but opes the kingdom's gate.

"Mount, my soul !—away ! away !  
I have won the victory :  
Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
Praises to His heavenly name !  
Massa, heaven is better far  
Than all the homes of ' Kintuck' are."

Death comes—that awful change before  
Proclaims that soon 'twill all be o'er ;  
Poor “ Uncle Tom ” ! thou'rt conqueror now ;  
'Tis mark'd on thy triumphant brow.  
None from the love of Christ shall sever :  
Thou'rt with Him now !—with Him for ever.

They sought him out a quiet grave,  
Where o'er his head the palm-trees wave ;  
A cloak to him was coffin—shroud ;  
No monument proclaims aloud,  
His tragic end ; but God most High  
Declares, “ Who sheds man's blood shall die.”

Accursed slavery !—who would stain  
Their land with such a hell-forged chain ?  
Columbia ! let thy slaves go free ;  
Proclaim thy spell-word “ Liberty ! ”  
And then unblushingly go forth,  
Second to none in wealth and worth !



## A SCRIPTURE SCENE.—(1 SAMUEL XXVI.)

'Twas noon of night in glorious Palestine ;  
The soft, pale moon had just begun to shine ;  
O'er Hachilah's high hill her rays were thrown,  
And lit with beauty sleeping Jeshimon :  
The flowers that loved the sunlight sought repose ;  
The night-blooms all their cups 'gan to uncloze  
To catch the pearly dews that softly fell,  
Till tiny globules filled each trembling cell.  
Land of the East !—God's holy Palestine !—  
Eden of earth !—what glowing scenes were thine !

A royal band encamp upon the hill ;  
Quick, form the lines !—let all around be still !  
Pitch here the warrior-monarch's silken tent ;  
Place every safeguard that art can invent.  
King Saul, thou'rt wearied with thy journeying—sleep !  
What canst thou fear whilst Abner watch will keep—  
Brave, faithful Abner, ever at thy side ?  
Sleep calmly, monarch !—what can thee betide ?  
Thy noble, gallant band are all around :  
Thine own true spear plant by thee on the ground :  
A mightier form of sleep has fallen on all—  
The same that fell on Adam ere the fall.

Poor, hunted David !—thou hast heard all this :  
Where art thou resting ?—in the wilderness !  
No silken tent o'er thee is nightly spread,  
From the damp dews to shield thy wearied head.  
Brave stripling warrior !—Israel's singer sweet !—  
This thy reward for many a martial feat !  
Thou dar'st not sleep : thou and thy sages see  
That Saul in all his cunning finds not thee :  
Thou, like a bandit, hid'st in caverns deep,  
Or perched on rocks where wild things fear to sleep !

David, upon a hill above their head,  
Beheld the sleeping army 'neath him spread ;  
Asked of his warriors which would go along,  
With cautious step, amid the slumb'ring throng.  
Abishai volunteers—so soft his tread,  
Until they reach the sleeping monarch's head,  
Then speaks:—"Lo, David ! how thy God hath given  
Into thy hand he who 'gainst thee hath striven !—  
Thy mortal enemy—he who hath thrown  
A blight o'er all the bliss thou e'er hast known ;  
Has exiled thee from kindred—country—home,  
Nor left thee hope of rest save in the tomb !

"I've sworn obedience to thee : speak, I pray ;  
Give this right hand of mine the power to slay :

Hast thou not proved me oft before, and know  
My skilful aim requires no second blow ?  
This spear shall pierce him in his vital part,  
And tremble 'mid the pulses of his heart.  
Thou shalt be safe : I swear the slightest sound  
Of fear, or pain, shall not break silence round,  
Nor shall one drop of useless blood be shed  
To place his kingdom's crown upon thy head ;  
Let no word second that reproving look—  
Delay, even now, is more than I can brook !”

“What wouldst thou do, my valiant Abishai ?  
The Lord's anointed stretch thy hand to slay ?  
Wouldst thou not dread th' almighty vengeance due  
To all who such accursed deed should do ?  
Forbid it Lord, that I should ever see  
Thy glittering spear dimm'd with such treachery !  
As the Lord liveth, who hath been my guide,  
From me or mine no ill shall Saul betide :  
Beneath God's chastening he shall fade away,  
Or perish in the battle's wild affray :  
My hand shall harm him not—take cruse and spear,  
Nor let us longer tarry useless here.”

All hushed, they gain Hachilah's sister-hill ;  
The valley lies between ; all yet is still,

When David's voice rings out o'er cliff and glen—  
"Ho, Abner! where art thou? and where thy men?  
"God save my Lord, the king!" "What! who art thou  
That dar'st salute thy kingly master now?"  
Askest thou, Abner?—who for chivalry  
Through Israel's mighty host is like to thee,  
Or who so faithful? Say, how could'st thou sleep,  
And fail thy sovereign's nightly guard to keep?  
One of the people sought to kill the king:  
Say, Abner, art thou guiltless in this thing?

"As the Lord liveth! justly shouldst thou die!  
Why kept'st thou not the Lord's anointed?—why?  
Behold his cruse of water and his spear!  
How came they from thy monarch's pillow here?"

Saul half awakes. Whose is the voice he hears?  
The guiltless ne'er can feel the guilty's fears,  
That voice oft soothed his soul with sounds divine,  
Trembling, he cries, "My son, the voice is thine!  
Is it not David?" "Yes, my lord, O king!  
How is it I have erred, that thou should'st bring  
Thy valiant men to hunt out and pursue  
A life unworthy as mine is to you?"



"What evil have I done ? my life hath been  
Devotedly thine own : through every scene  
Of peace or war ; thy daughter's love I gained :  
Ask her if it was worthlessly retained.  
My very soul is knit up in thy line,  
In bonds of tenderness almost divine ;  
And thou, O king ! hast severed all from me—  
Exiled from friends, from home, and sanctuary,  
If thus thou track'st my steps at God's command,  
Will He accept no offering at thy hand ?

"Know'st thou this cruse, and spear ?—would traitor's  
hand  
Have left thee sleeping 'mid a sleeping band ?  
Send now a youth to fetch it—our God be  
This night a righteous judge 'twixt thee and me !  
Return, O king !—nor let a vengeful God  
Require at thy right hand thy servant's blood :  
Although I fear thee not—my God is He  
Who out of thickest darkness still can see ;  
Shakes the high mountains till the cedars fear—  
Speaks in the thunder—reigns in every sphere :  
Winds are His chariot—ocean fears His rod ;  
What art thou, Saul, to fight against my God !"

Low bowed the stately king ! "Recal my men;  
Return thou, David, to thy home again :  
I swear, before high heaven, my hand shall ne'er  
Against thy life again raise sword or spear.  
Call thee a traitor !—hast thou not before  
In the dark cave cut off the robe I wore ?  
Hath not thy zeal and truth my kingdom won ?  
I have been mad ! return my son—my son !  
God's blessing rest on thee !—thou hast been just;  
'Tis I have proved a traitor to my trust.  
I seek my home again : fear thou no ill,  
With arm Omnipotent around thee still !"

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REMINISCENCE OF A DEAR FRIEND.

I SEE him now, as when I saw him last;  
His reverend brow was bared, and o'er it pass'd  
Such painful shadowings as might well beseem  
The fervency of youth's impassioned dream.  
It looked at variance strange with sage four-score,  
Yet well accorded with the look he wore,  
He was so beautiful ! not that alone  
Known as the beauty sculptors give to stone.

His was that face which, if an artist gives,  
You trace his character as if he lives ;  
Or if word-painting give his mind aright,  
His speaking face in fancy meets your sight ;  
His head was silvered o'er ; time, grief, and care,  
Had scarcely left another impress there ;  
His intellectual brow unruffled seemed ;  
And from his speaking eye the soul out-beamed :  
Eyebrow and lash retained their raven shade,  
O'er eyes of the same hue, where feeling played—  
Bright, ready wit, and sympathy, and love,  
And gentleness, and talents ranked above  
The common meed of genius in his kind,  
Yet unaffected as he was refined.  
The highest mental effort he could bear—  
The simplest childish joy or sorrow share :  
Earth's fairest flowers had blossom'd at his side,  
And now he found them blighted in their pride ;  
Just as their breath became his atmosphere,  
He saw them droop, and fade, and disappear—  
As we may dream the pole-star marks on high,  
The glowing meteors flashing through the sky,  
A moment, while they pass, its steady light  
Seems to our eye less pure—less calmly bright,  
As if it mourned them as they fled away,

But, once they're gone, resumes its reign on high,  
And earthward bends its gaze more tranquilly.

Such was his life. He could not brook to dim  
A single eye with pity's tears for him,  
Though death's dark wave swept all he loved away,  
'Twas sad to see the old man still look gay,  
Lest any friend should deem his friendship less,  
Or sorrow with him o'er his wretchedness.  
Wearied at length, the good man sought repose  
In such calm sleep as childhood only knows;  
Death came most gently, with angelic hand,  
Wafting his soul into the Spirit-Land ;  
One kind farewell to earth—no pain—no strife ;  
Death kissed his brow as soothingly as life,  
And his free spirit, chained to clay no more,  
Rejoined in heaven his loved ones gone before.

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#### SEA-SOUNDS.

OCEAN ! thy voice hath ever been to me  
In calm or storm, a wail of agony !  
I've watch'd thee when the moonlight on thy breast  
Seemed dreaming, from the stillness of thy rest :

Thy waves, though sunk to rippling, to me sighed,  
With low soft tones, as if an infant died.  
I've sat beside the cottage fire of yore,  
And heard thy low waves kiss the sandy shore  
At "noon of night"; it seemed a farewell tone,  
Wafted to earth by some one from it gone.  
All things connected with thee, too, are sad:  
Thy very sea-flowers, in strange beauty clad,  
Seemed to my view as blooming but to hide  
The young and lovely sleeping 'neath thy tide;  
And pearls, though twined in glossy raven hair,  
Shone to mine eye too pure, too sadly fair,  
To glow in giddy dance or reckless throng—  
Those lustrous gems that to the waves belong,  
Which thy poor mother, missing sailor, dream'd  
Amid thy glossy locks for ever gleam'd,  
And shed a softened ray on thy pale face,  
Down in thy dark and lonely resting-place.

Dark world of waters! we can ne'er divine  
How many a tale of sorrow has been thine,  
Since first thy crested billows burst their bed,  
And by supreme command our earth o'erspread.  
Where sleep they now, whom cowards left to die,\*

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\* The Misses De-Wolf.

Relentless as the tempest to their cry—  
The fair and young dependent on their care ?  
Brave men would save them, or else perish there.  
See the wrecked vessel trembling as in fear,  
On ocean's surface ere she disappear—  
The surging sea beneath—above—around—  
No gleam of hope, to break the gloom profound !  
'Tis not a tempest, yet the wild wind sighs,  
And ocean's low, convulsive sob replies :  
Cowards by stealth remove the safer boat,  
And Hope's receding ray grows more remote.  
Oh ! well might night assume her darkest shade,  
When dastard hearts like these required her aid !  
Two fair young sisters clasped their hands in prayer  
No sounds from them of audible despair,  
Although life's morning dews were glistening yet,  
And earth had lost no charm they could regret.  
The past to them was more than beautiful—  
The present bright with flowers they hoped to cull ;  
The future—tears of parting ceased to flow,  
Or in Hope's sunlight formed a radiant bow  
O'er their bright future : loving eyes once more,  
Illum'd with welcome, waited on the shore.  
Yet were they not presumptuous : they had knelt,  
And asked God's blessing over all they felt :

Father ! thy judgments are a deep profound,  
Too vast, too fathomless for man to sound !

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark to that distant sound !—again 'tis gone !  
How swiftly the departing boat moves on !  
That sound again !—'mid darkness, doubt, and fear—  
A lofty hymn of high and holy cheer—  
Of child-like trust—of hope death cannot dim,  
Foreshadowings of the New Jerusalem !  
Faint, and yet fainter, till it dies away :  
Night's darkness never nursed a brighter day  
Than those fair beings met ! when changed earth's dress,  
Heaven burst upon them in its loveliness.

Sad, and yet sadder, sea,  
Sounds thy low minstrelsy ;  
Lonelier beats each wave  
Through ev'ry echoing cave ;  
More plaintive on the gale  
Sounds the wild sea-bird's wail,  
And thy deep, dismal sigh  
Gives the hoarse wind reply,  
Lulling thy waves to sleep,  
Dreaming in slumber deep ;  
Clouding thy haughty brow ;

Tossing in fury now,  
With thy stern, dread unrest,  
Mark of a troubled breast.  
'Tis right thou should'st be so—  
Thus overcharged with woe.  
    Yet, 'mid each change of thine,  
Offering still,  
    Up at a holy shrine,  
Thine every will ;  
    Owning the voice Divine,  
That sayeth—"Peace ! be still !"

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THE BLIND GIRL'S GRIEF.

COME with no soothing words to me !
 Who sympathise must like the sufferer feel ;
And ye can never know my agony—
Too deep for unreflecting love to see—
 Too keen for earthly balm the wound to heal.
What loss like thine, my mother, can I find
 To the deaf, music—light unto the blind !

No other hand shall lead where thou hast led :
 Once more I seek the hallowed spot alone ;

Yet to me, mother, thou art never dead,
Whilst faithful memory tells what thou hast said.

Here I will sit, upon this moss-clad stone,
And live a lifetime o'er again with thee,
As if not parted by eternity.

When other friends were by, they told how fair
Was morn when golden sunlight drank the dew;
When thou wert near, thou told'st of balmy air :
I felt with thee its breathings I could share ;
Thy words depicted not the flow'ret's hue,
Nor dwelt in rhapsody on form or shade,
As if such things to me could be portrayed !

I never knew thee cull a scentless flower—
Ever of fragrance speaking with delight;
Told how 'twas nursed by sunshine and by shower;
Sought with me at high noon the shady bower,
Thou did'st not dwell on beauties known to sight—
On birds' bright plumage which I might not see,
It seemed thou shared its song alone with me.

From infancy I felt as we were one—
Ay, even in blindness as 'twere shared by thee :
I thought we could not part. Now thou art gone—
My every sense of earthly bliss withdrawn ;

I learn (sad knowledge !) that I cannot see,
And nought on earth can be, however bright,
Equivalent to this dread loss of sight.

Relentless death ! I need not sight to know

What I have lost by thee. I heard one tell
The shower and sunshine's union in the bow—
That, lacking either, it would cease to glow.

Thou wert my sunshine, mother, I knew well ;
And, that extinct, what now around me low'rs ?
A dark futurity of sunless show'rs !

No voice informed me as thy spirit pass'd,
And yet I knew it well—thy low, sad sigh,
Across my soul a sickening shadow cast
A perfect knowledge that it was thy last.

By faith I saw thy spirit rise on high,
And felt as if the earth retained for me
No longer, life, or love, or sanctuary.

All fled with thee, my mother ! Thy blind child
Feels loosened her last silver cord to earth:
The only star that in her dark sky smiled
Hath fled, and left her in the trackless wild,

Alone—dread sound to me by home and hearth!—
Which I could never realise, till now
I feel beneath its weight my soul and body bow.

My mother's God ! forgive my murmuring:

I had forgotten all she said of Thee—

The promises to which she bade me cling—

The arm to lean on in my wandering—

The way unseen by which Thou leadest me.

Guide me, my Father !—choose for me the road

Where darkness enters not Thy blest abode—

Home of my mother and my mother's God !

FRAGMENTS.

ALBION.

LAND of the brave ! friend of the slave !

Proudly we claim thee ;

Queen of the sea ! “ great, glorious, and free ! ”

Men thrill when they name thee.

Beautiful land ! God's Word in thy hand,

God send thee glorious !

Prosper thy wooden-walls—save when the mighty falls,

Keep thee victorious !

ERIN.

Erin ! pulse of my heart ! when thy memories depart,

Death must efface them:

Generous thy brave sons—gentle thy fair ones—
Who can replace them ?

CALEDONIA.

UNCONQUERED land ! no tyrant's hand
Could ever chain thee ;
Through blood and fire each Covenant sire
Went ere he'd stain thee.

TERRA NOVA.

Adopted home ! the ocean's foam
Breaks mildly round thee:
With rocks as wild as ere were piled
Hath Nature bound thee.
What even though thy winter's snow
Seems sad and dreary—
Thy sleigh-bells own a joyous tone;
Thy wood fire's cheery.



VICTORY AND DEATH.

'Twas morning ! o'er the waters the golden sunlight
streamed,
And fell on many a gallant bark—on many a banner
gleamed ;
Illum'd with pleasure many an eye will darken ere the
night,
For France and Albion's rival fleets are met for mortal
fight.
See how each snowy sail is spread inviting to the breeze!
Majestically those proud ships bend to the rolling seas,
That fling their spray like diamonds round the bold and
glittering stem,
And form beneath the sun's bright rays a radiant dia-
dem.
How calm—how beautiful—how fair—'mid all their
pomp they are !
What mind untutored e'er could deem, their destiny
was war ?
Closer—yet closer—on they come, till human forms are
seen
Pacing each deck with haughty step, and stern and
warlike mien ;

But one there was, 'mid all the rest, sought out by
every eye,
As, maimed, and starr'd, he trod the deck of the good
ship "Victory":

Brave Nelson ! oh ! that name has now become a house-
hold word,

By which young hearts to high resolves and lofty deeds
are stirr'd.

How calm he seemed !—not joyful, as he always seemed
of yore ;

A strange presentiment he felt which he never felt be-
fore ;

Yet he knelt, and prayed to Him alone who ruleth land
and sea,

To bless the right, and give His cause a glorious victory.

He also prayed that, 'mid the din of stern and dreadful
war,

No cruel, base, or treacherous deed their victory should
mar:

As for himself, God held his life ; and if perchance he
fell,

He thanked that God for giving strength to do his duty
well.

And then his watchword passed along, so full of force
and beauty—

“England expects that every man this day will do his
duty.”

And thrillingly sublime there rose, through all that
gallant fleet,

One long, deep, loud, enraptured cheer, those deathless
words to greet :

And the life-like barks came steadily, as they were
anxious too

To prove their worth, where worth is proved, 'mid the
noble and the true.

They meet ! war's lightning flashes round ; its thun-
ders cleave the air,

And decks are rent, and spars are riven, and flags float
strangely there ;

And bright, fair curls are sadly stained, and dimm'd
young starry eyes,

Defeat and victory, joy and woe, commingling strangely
rise.

How wondrous too, it seems to be, where brave men
hold their breath !

Those British tars stand still—unmoved—'mid carnage,
blood, and death,

Till one by one the enemy, though twice their strength
they own,
Have struck their flags—till Britain's waves untarnished
and alone.
Hail to thee, banner of the brave!—hail, flag of Liberty!
We bless thee where we see thee wave, for thou wavest
o'er the free.

There is glory for thee, England!—another victory won,
Thy highest hopes are realised by duty nobly done;
Thy kingly flag hath kissed the breeze from many an
alien mast,
Thy gladdening cheer of triumph hushed the cannon,
surge, and blast.
Yet, wherefore, 'mid this glory, is the tear in every eye?
The victor's sun hath set at noon—Trafalgar's chief
must die.
Poor Nelson! cover now thy stars—would they were
hid before!
They were won and worn in honour—thou shalt never
wear them more;
Thou wert not craven, Nelson, else thy stars had not
been seen,
And their marksmen had not aimed so true, if so brave
thou hadst not been.

Thy prayer is heard—thy victory won—and twenty
ships are thine,
And not one act of cruelty has stained thy gallant line;
And thou art lying, Nelson, with thy life-blood ebbing
fast,
And the victory which thou hast gained is thy greatest,
but thy last ;
A nation conquers, yet she weeps—what wonder that
she should,
When her noble chief who won the day, has sealed it
with his blood ?
His funeral pall is rent in twain, and each one shares a
part,
And a monument is raised for him in every sailor's
heart ;
And Nelson's name, and Nelson's fame, with Britain's
shall be one,
While her bulwarks are her wooden-walls, or her tars
can man a gun.



TO J. A. W.

You say the flowers you gathered last you fresh and
fadeless keep,

A sweet memento of the past—of love that may not
sleep ;

Thine was no gem from Beauty's hand—
No treasured pearl from some far land,
But something, though thy footsteps roam,
Leading back every thought to home.

It was a flower, when last we strayed o'er wild rocks,
one Sabbath eve,

You gathered when the wind was laid, and e'en ocean
ceased to heave—

A mountain flow'r—I know it well—
Not rich in either hue or smell,
Yet one like hope that never dies,
But still points upward to the skies.

Though we may tread on many a thorn, ere we each
other greet again,

The darkest night hath still a morn—though parted,
we shall meet again,

When Nature wears her sweetest smile,
And all is lovely in our Isle—
When crag, and glen, and flow'r and bay,
Shall woo thee to prolong thy stay.

THE SONG OF THE LAST RED INDIAN.

ALONE—the last of all my race—
The brave—the free—
All gone, from dance, from feast, from chase—
All—all, save me !
The mountain looks not half its heigh ;
The moon has lost its silvery light ;
The snow-flake falls less pure—less bright
And wayward fancy wings her flight,
Where none may see.

I am in the spirit-land,
And, like an arrow, from the strand
Shoots away the light canoe,
O'er the lake of heavenly blue.
How the warriors bend their heads,
Where the graceful pine o'erspreads,
And the arrows, whizzing near,

Single out the flying deer,
With their branching antlers seen,
Bounding through the forests green ;
Spurning the light moss 'neath their feet
In their lofty, bleak retreat—
Our wild huntsman following still
O'er precipice, and stream, and hill,
Till his unerring arrow flies,
And the choicest reindeer dies.

Another scene:—My heart is breaking
With the visions round me waking.
Winter moonlight—and such light !
Trembling—mellowed—softly bright ;
Wreaths on wreaths of unstained snow,
And the cerulean ice below.
Hark ! I hear my young brave say,
“ Lilla, wake !—we must away ;
I have promised thou should'st see
The sunrise o'er the lake with me.
Haste !—my reindeer paws the ground ;
I have spread my sledge all round
With softest skins, that thou may'st be
Borne along right daintily.”
O'er the frozen ground we fly,

Like the lightning through the sky ;
 Rouse the wolf up from his lair,
 And mark his red eyes' horrid glare;
 Fright the grizzly bear away
 From his yet unfinished prey ;
 Till we see the Eastern sky
 Gathering shades of every dye—
 Crimson, gold, pure pearl, and blue,
 And shades whose names I never knew,
 Shedding o'er our shadeless snow
 Such a rich and varied glow
 As o'erpowers my dazzled eye
 With its ethereal radiancy.

Alone—and thus to die !—alone—
 No kindred ear
 To catch my dying song's last tone
 In this sad sphere.
 I feel the lengthening shadows now
 Come dimmer—darker—o'er my brow:
 Welcome release, no matter how !
 Hail, kindred dear !

Linger awhile, blest orb of light !
 I too would be

Borne onward through the dazzling height,

Along with thee.

Up yonder hill my toilsome way

I haste to wend, while yet I may

Mingle my song with thy last ray,

And join my tribe, long pass'd away,

The spirit-land to see !

'Tis gained—far down beneath me lies,

In shadowy form,

The giant pine that mocks the skies,

Toss'd by the storm.

I feel my life-pulse fainter grow ;

I scarce can see the vale below.

Farewell !—to brighter lands I go,

Where pleasure is unmixed with woe :

I'll soon be free.

We call this sleep—the white man, death ;

I bless it with my parting breath,

And hail it liberty !



TO SPRING.

WAKE from thy infant sleep, sweet Spring,
Like a babe, all smiles and tears ;
Set thy stern sire, Winter, wondering
What music 'tis he hears,
Laugh low ; thine own sweet, echoing laugh
Ringing back from the sunny hill,
Till the ice and snow 'neath thy bright skies flow
In a gently murmuring rill.

Charm up green buds with thy sunny smiles,
And water with tears of dew,
Till our earth, 'neath thy thousand endearing wiles
Looks beautiful and new.
Fan the old trees with thy zephyry breath
Till the soft young tips peep forth—
Till the leaves' pale green spreads out between,
Keep the wind from the blighting North.

The leaflets shelter with dimpled hand,
And colour with every dye,
Till they are out o'er all the land,
A thousand Spring flowers lie ;

Then call for the butterfly and bee
To revel amid the bloom,
And twine a wreath now for thy fair young brow,
From flowers of the sweetest perfume.

The Summer is lovely, yet weariness
Descends on its sultry air ;
And autumn leaves bear the sad impress,
"All is passing away that is fair ;"
And the winter tells of gloom and death—
Of cold and poverty.
Sweet Spring ! we own thou art queen alone ;
No season can equal thee.

Then rejoice the heart of the young and gay,
Wake a smile from the old and sad,
And call up dreams of their bright spring day,
When they too were fresh and glad.
Come with happiness for the village child,
And strew its path with flowers ;
And, linked with thy name, a blessing claim
From each lip on this earth of ours.

ALL GONE !

" ALL gone !" How much of sadness

Dwells in those simple words !

What bygone sounds of gladness

Re-echo from the chords !

How many old loved faces

Come mirrored back once more,

Whilst memory, pleased, retraces

The features o'er and o'er !—

The children that we played with

On hills with Spring flowers clad,

Or by mossy bank we strayed with,

Where the rippling rill seemed glad,

Rise gently up before us,

By ivied tree and tower,

Till a 'wilderer dream comes o'er us

Of childhood's sunny hour.

The lovey child that best could tell

The hidden violet's bed,

We little thought it first would dwell

Amid the silent dead.

All gone !—the young, the fair, the gay,

And changed the earthward riven ;

But happiest they who, freed from clay,
Have gained a home in heaven.
All gone ! and others fill their place :
Like bright flowers of a day,
Those " fashioned with supremest grace "
The soonest fade away.
No marvel that on young, fond hearts
A pensive shadow lies,
Since lovely things so soon depart,
And what we prize most dies.

All gone !—The bright visions that HOPE has been
weaving—
The fair and the dearly-beloved pass'd away ;
Whilst the mourner rebels, as if scarcely believing
Such brilliance and beauty could ever decay.

All gone !—The enchantment that circled life's morn-
ing—
The pleasures we dreamed to be countless in store,
All gone !—like the dew-drops the spring-flowers adorn-
ing,
Which the sunbeams exhaled long ere noontide was
o'er.

All gone!—We re-visit the home of our childhood,
And gather the blossoms unfolded at dawn :
Unchanged still the mountain, the stream, and the
wild wood,
But where are our youth's homes and dear ones ?—
All gone !

All gone, past revealing ; and memory comes stealing,
With soft steps, but sad, o'er the pleasures we've
known ;
Yet awakes in our souls such a depth of pure feeling,
That the past seems even sweeter because it is gone.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

WHAT shall I write thee, lady, for thy book ?
Tales of thy fatherland—of mount, or brook
That thou hast loved, in childhood yearnings vain,
For scenes too fair, too fragile, to remain ?
Well may I trembling write—" Queen Poesy,"
Vail'd in such beauty, by my side I see—
Tremble that words so worthless as I trace
Should stand by those replete with every grace.

'Tis my own foolish pride! Dare I aspire
To harpings sweet as music—wild as fire?
Such is not mine. Oh! I could sing of flowers,
Or birds that warbled in our own green bowers,
Or laugh with happy childhood, or be sad,
When death steals from our midst the young and glad;
And I can weep that early days are gone,
With all the freshness they possessed alone—
The spring-time of our life; Spring's buds to me
Seem fairer than the cups that lure the bee;
And even Autumn, with its storm-seared leaves,
Still to my soul in holier memory cleaves
Than Summer's gorgeousness, when the blue sky,
Unveiled by clouds, meets all day long the eye;
While the bright blooms expand their glowing shades,
'Neath the sun's gaze, until their beauty fades.

Yet wherefore should we murmur, since the hand
We know to be Divine hath all things plann'd,
And plann'd them wiser, better, nobler far
Than highest thoughts of men or angels are?
Alas, the frailty of our human frame!
We murmur even at what we cannot blame.

Blessed content!—higher than wealth, or state!
To be content is to be truly great;
To learn to prize the mercies we possess,

Nor, undervaluing them, to make them less.

A cottage in a garden on a hill,
Where wintry storms wreak out their bitter will ;
Be its possessor blest with sweet content !
He says—" 'Tis here the sun's first rays are sent ;"
But discontent, in princely palace fair,
'Neath shadowy trees complains of want of air ;
Or on a hill-side fanned with balmy breeze,
Complains again, " It lacks the shade of trees."

Then, lady, wishing sweet contentment thine,
I see each earthly blessing round thee shine,
And pray that health, wealth, friends, and grace may be
Enjoyed with that best boon on earth by thee.

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"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

"I WOULD not live alway." When life seems brightest,  
And Joy has spread her wing for Hope's fair shore—  
When pleasure gilds our home with radiance lightest—  
Comes the sad whisper—"This must soon be o'er:  
We turn to rest upon a firmer stay,  
And sighing, think "I would not live alway."

"I would not live alway." When hope is blighted,  
And blank despair is in the tearless eye—  
The lamps all dead that once our pathway lighted,  
And the proud heart rebels so sullenly :  
Thou broken-hearted ! seek thy God and say,  
"Thy will be done !" "I would not live alway."

When friends beloved must part, perchance for ever,  
And dreary distance rolls its wave between,  
And Time, the swift-winged, only seems to sever,  
With unrelenting hand, what once has been  
Part of our being—then we murmuring say,  
"Let me alone—I would not live alway."

When death has come and stolen some valued treasure,  
And our hearts' throbbings grow so strangely still,  
As our own fingers close on all earth's pleasure  
Those once bright eyes so glassy now and chill,  
Skyward we follow them through faith's bright ray,  
And bless our God—"I would not live alway."

"I would not live alway." Though earth's rich beauty  
Hath twined around my heart with binding spell,  
And I have loved—for loving seemed a duty—  
Each flow'r my Father's hand hath formed so well,  
Yet have they changed their hue since childhood's day :  
I love them, yet "I would not live alway."

"I would not live away." When death or distance  
Hath rifled from us all we thought most fair,  
And we have vainly offered blind resistance,  
By many a burning word or bitter tear,  
Oh! how better far to humbly bow, and say,  
"My Father's wise—I would not live away."

There is a place where sorrow may not enter,  
Beyond the highest bliss that mortals paint ;  
Where round the radiant throne archangels centre,  
And higher praise resounds from every saint ;  
Where God's tried servants, worn with earth, may say,  
"My Father's home—here I would live away."

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THE PANSY.

WELL may thy name and thought be one,  
Sweet sombre tinted flower,  
That lov'st the vulgar gaze to shun,  
Hidden by tree or flower ;  
Never closing thy velvet petals fair  
In soft and dreamy sleep,  
But spreading them out to the balmy air,  
Thought's sleepless watch to keep.

I have loved thee much since my childhood's day,  
By each different hue and name,  
From the violet wild we sought in play  
To the heart's-ease of world-wide fame ;  
And thought and thee seem still entwined  
By many a sad, sweet theme—  
By memory softened, and time refined,  
Till it seemed to us all a dream.

Thou art meet for childhood, flow'ret fair,  
When thought has just begun ;  
And fit for laughing youth to wear,  
Where thought and hope are one ;  
Meet, too, for grave and hopeful age,  
When the mind clings less to clay,  
And, heavenward tending, fills life's page  
With thoughts that ne'er decay.

Thou art meet to be sent to absent friend,  
With gentle assurance fraught  
That old faces, and names, and mem'ries blend  
With each tender passing thought.  
And the graves of the loved and lonely dead  
Are fitly strewn with thee,  
In proof that, although from earth long fled,  
They should unforgotten be.



"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

ZECHARIAH, XIV. 7.

THOUGH the morn be dark and clouded, and the dew-  
drops pass away  
Without one bright gleam of sunshine to exhale them  
with its ray,  
Though the rain descend at noontide till the flow'rs  
are weighed to earth,  
And the birds have sought their shelter, nature hushing  
all its mirth ;  
See ! the clouds are parting softly, ere the advent of  
the night ;  
The sun bursts forth in splendour, and " at evening time  
'tis light."

Now the bright flow'rs spread their petals forth to catch  
the parting gleam ;  
Now the birds ring out their gladness in a gushing  
choral stream ;  
And the earth looks far more lovely from its gloomi-  
ness erewhile :  
Tree and mountain, lake and river, mirror back the sun's  
bright smile,

And we feel that far less grateful, had the day been fair  
and bright,  
We had raised our hearts to God, than when "at evening  
time 'twas light."

Christian toiler in God's vineyard ! though no sunlight  
gild thy morn,  
And thy noontide toil and travail meet indifference or  
scorn,  
Labour on, unheeding even sunless morn or cloudy noon ;  
"Sow thy seed beside all waters ;" it will bud and blossom soon :  
He whose promise faileth never, hath assured thee by  
His might  
That to Him all things are equal—"at evening time it  
shall be light."

Light to cheer thee in thy labour, when the weary day  
is o'er ;  
Light, to guide the poor benighted to a calm and peaceful  
shore ;  
Light, not scorching and oppressive, like the radiance  
of the sun,  
Nor yet trembling like the moonbeam when the reign  
of Night's begun ;

But a soft and glowing sunset—rich, yet mellowed to  
thy sight ;

This the "Great I Am," hath said—"At evening time  
it shall be light."

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## ALMA.

RING joyous bells out o'er the land,  
For a glorious victory won ;  
Shake out old banners to the breeze,  
Let the cannon roar, "Well done !"  
Let English cheers, thrice three times three,  
Proclaim the mighty victory !

Herald it on from hill to hill ;  
Illumine cot and tower ;  
Let graceful hearts bless the Arm Divine  
For our armies' conquering power ;  
And let high and holy praises be  
Ascribed to the Giver of victory.

Alma is won !—how the couriers speed  
With returns of the bloody fray !  
But the joy-bells change to a mournful knell  
Ere the closing of the day ;

For a mother mourns for her noble son,  
With a grief to all but a mother unknown.

“Oh! wherefore did I let thee go,  
My beautiful!—my own!—  
To perish by the ruthless foe—  
To leave thy dwelling lone—  
Thou whom I nursed so tenderly,  
To die as thou hast died,  
With steed and rider fallen on thee,  
And no loved one by thy side?  
I shrink, my boy, from thy dying strife,  
Which thy mother might not share—  
The wounds through which ebbed out thy life  
And thy unheard parting prayer:  
My heart recoils that I could not be  
At thy side in thy dying agony.”

There were sounds of joy on the breeze to-day  
For the glorious victory won;  
Oh! mournful, mournful notes were they  
To the mother who weeps her son!  
“Ah! why did I listen to dreams of fame,  
And let thee go, my pride!  
Thou hadst riches, a high ancestral name,  
And all earth could give beside;

The ancient oaks round thy stately home  
Seem wailing their future lord,  
Thou mayest not share e'en thy kindred's tomb—  
Thou sleep'st with thy broken sword,  
Where thy valiant comrades scoop'd thy grave,  
With hundreds more of the good and brave.

"They thought to soothe your mother's woe  
By telling her how you fell :  
Alas ! its power they cannot know—  
Its depths I dare not tell.  
What are glory, honour, fame to me ?  
All gone with thee, my boy !  
And the world an empty void will be,  
And pleasure a worthless toy.  
O, horrid war ! when wilt thou cease ?  
Thou shalt never cease with me ;  
For peace to me can bring no peace,  
When it cannot bring me thee ;  
And I think that victory dearly won,  
If it only cost thy life, my son."

Another wail from a mother came  
In an humble, lonely cot ;  
Her son had fall'n—they told his name,  
But more they mentioned not.

Her eager eye sought no detail  
Of the mighty victory,  
But sought, while her cheek grew deadly pale,  
The cherished dead to see ;  
And the paper fell from her feeble hand,  
And her eye grew strangely wild,  
As she saw his name with the foremost stand—  
Her all on earth—her child ;  
And she pressed her brow, and bent to see  
Was it vision, or stern reality.

“ My own brave son ! did they let thee die,  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
With heaps of unburied dead to lie,  
Cared for and sought by none ?  
Oh ! had they but saved one token,  
Or told me how you fell,  
It might have lightened my agony,  
But not one word they tell :  
Yet it matters not—I know it all ;  
My soul has been with thee—  
Has watch'd that iron-tempest shower,  
Laden with death to me ;  
And I turn with woe to the rayless gloom  
That makes my world a living tomb.”

Hush, joy-bells ! hush ! let Albion mourn,  
 As a mother for her son,  
 The death of the peerless ones by whom  
 Red Alma has been won ;  
 Yet the victory still to our view appears  
 Like a rainbow, formed of smiles and tears.

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 TO MRS. H—,

ON HEARING HER REGRET HAVING NO LIKENESS OF A  
 BEAUTIFUL DECEASED DAUGHTER.

HAST thou no likeness of her ? Oh, thou hast  
 Successive views through every stage she pass'd,  
 Faithfully given as mirror ever gave,  
 Which nought can wrest from thee except the grave.  
 No artist's hand could ever give that face  
 Such sweet expression, or such matchless grace—  
 Bestow upon each movement, look, and tone,  
 As thy fond, faithful memory gives thine own.  
 We thank thee, O our God, for memory's power,  
 That brings, fresh dew-gemm'd, back the wither'd flower.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ay, mourn her, mother, meet such sorrow should—  
 Thine own, so loving, beautiful, and good.

No eye save thine such watchful vigils kept,  
None prayed so fervently whilst others slept,  
As thou didst for her, that the evil day  
Might be permitted yet to pass away.  
Sad thought ! our fairest forms are shrined in clay,  
Yet mourn not, lady, with the bitter grief  
That fails to bring the mourner sweet relief ;  
But be thy grief unselfish as the flow  
Of gentle tears that fall for others' woe.  
Didst thou not always count her gain as thine ?  
Is it less now ? Then why should'st thou repine ?  
Is it for beauty vanished ? fairer He  
Than aught below the skies can ever be,  
Who hath His promise given that she shall wake,  
And all His holiness and beauty take ;  
For she hath slept in Him. Oh ! cease to mourn:  
Death, the divider, who hath rudely torn  
Thy bud of promise from its parent tree,  
Shall be in time restoring Death to thee ;  
And thou wilt find her home the only clime  
Where beauty yields to neither Death nor Time—  
Where sorrow and temptation are unknown,  
And heaven, and endless happiness are one.



## EARTH AND THE FLOWERS.

## THE EARTH.

WHITHER away, sweet flowers ? Have I not nurs't,  
With tenderest care,  
Your fragile buds in Spring until they burst  
Forth fresh and fair ?  
Ah ! you that share my heart's best spots first fade,  
Till not a leaf remains to tell you've been,  
Save a few stragglers, withered and decayed,  
That, spectre-like, still haunt the altered scene.

My pride, the kingly oak, though tempest-tost,  
Looks verdant still ;  
The ivy green in deathless love hath crost  
His arms until  
They seem one being that no storms can sever :  
Blest gratitude !  
How priceless art thou !—but where found ? wherever  
Earth owns what's good.  
But, children fair, I fear me much that ye  
Are courtier-like : when our great friend, the sun,  
Grows cold and strange, and seldom smiles, I see  
Ye shrink from my embrace, grow pale and dun.

## THE FLOWERS.

What, mother earth ! forgetting thy high trust,  
Each buried root ?  
But murmuring seems the language of all dust—  
Sin and death's fruit :  
We, too, have shared man's curse, and we must die ;  
Yet we, like him,  
Shall wake to life, his immortality  
Foreshadowing dim.  
Upbraid us not, dear Mother Earth ; for we  
Love thee not less that we depart a while ;  
And ere the cuckoo wake the Spring thou'lt see  
Us springing up to greet thee with our smile.

## THE EARTH.

Forgive me, flowers, for Autumn's blast had swept  
The past away ;  
I had forgotten that ye only slept  
'Neath Winter's sway,  
To wake, like infancy refreshed ;  
But more hast thou,  
Bright flower, for youth, renewed, confessed,  
Sits on each brow.  
Sleep on, fair flowers, and I will guard your sleeping  
Unmurmuringly, till warm suns wake once more

Your buds and blooms, rewarding my fond keeping  
With all the wealth of Spring and Summer's store.

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OUR UNFORGOTTEN.

"But tell me, thou bird of the solemn strain,  
Can those who have loved forget?  
We call, but they answer not again,  
Do they love—do they love us yet."

—MRS. HEMANS.

OUR Unforgotten!—who are they? the strangely beautiful

With every grace of form and face  
That earthly mould can cull;  
That unsurpassing loveliness e'en death at first fails to  
make less,  
Perfect as statuary! can these Our Unforgotten be?  
Oh, no! not these. They gleam like sunshine on a  
stream.

We meet them, and they charm us while they stay;  
But, pass'd away, they seem like memories of a dream,  
Unreal—shadowy—form'd but to decay;  
Vague as the mist that fills the vale between the hills,  
By morning sunbeams kiss'd exhaled away.

Our Unforgotten—who ? The rich and great,  
Borne o'er their parent earth in lordly state,  
Whose titles ring like clarions on our ear—  
Whose presence fills the sycophant with fear :

Are these Our Unforgotten ones ? They never die  
while live their sons !

We can forget them not whose only fame  
Lives passed from heir to heir with rank or with high  
name.

Who are Our Unforgotten ? Let these be :  
With the first rays of moonlight come with me,  
Though it be but in fancy, to some cave  
Where thou hast sat of yore, ere life's sky darken'd o'er,  
And tune thine ear for music from the wave.  
Hush ! now will some one twine a loving arm in thine,  
Until the breath feels warm upon thy cheek ;  
And memory back will bring some old familiar thing—  
Sweet words thou lov'dst to hear that "some one"  
speak—

Memories, first faint and dim, of some old holy hymn  
Loved ones have sung in twilights long gone by ;  
And *they*, perchance, are gone where sorrow is un-  
known ;  
Yet they, Our Unforgotten, cannot die.

They come in gloaming hour, when memory rules with  
power ;

Our Unforgotten past is present, and our own.  
When heart to heart was twined by something unde-  
fined—

A something to our world by name unknown.  
Friendship—that sounds too cold ; love can be bought  
and sold

Too oft by sordid souls for interest, beauty, gold.  
What marvel, then, we miss heart-fellowship like this,  
As rare on earth as diamonds in a mine—

Sending out all around rays through the gloom pro-  
found,

Gladdening the heart and eye where'er they shine.  
Again for Absent ones a household scene,

With twilight stealing o'er a firelit room,  
Throwing bright glances o'er the deepening gloom,  
Whilst many a shadowy figure falls between—

Fills each remembered place with a familiar face ;  
We love to see them where they once have been.

These are Our Unforgotten ones, who need

No sweet forget-me-not—no pansy dark with thought  
To leave with us their absent cause to plead.  
They come with morning's light, most spiritually bright ;

They share with us the noontide work or walk ;  
With the declining sun their lengthening shadows run,  
At eve they are our social table-talk :  
To them, oft, more than heaven,  
Our parting thoughts are given,  
And wayward fancy brings them back in sleep.  
Though we each trifle prize of theirs that with us lies,  
Our Unforgotten names not thus we keep,  
But mirrored in our heart, too deep for aught to  
part—  
Death, distance, time, or worse — earth's endless  
change :  
Linked by the tenderest tie, all these and more defy  
Our Unforgotten names aught to estrange.

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ON THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING FOR  
DELIVERANCE FROM CHOLERA,

JANUARY 18, 1855.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High."  
—*Psalms* l. 14.

WHEN the arrow sped by day, and the terror walked  
by night—  
When pestilence, in dread array, passed on the left and  
right—

Clothed in darkness so obscure, science vainly sought  
its cause ;

Whence it came or what its cure—could they make it  
own their laws ?

Over all the earth it passed ; India's heat or Russia's  
snows

Check not its fierce sirocco blast, breathing death wher-  
e'er it goes.

On it swept by day—by night, spreading desolation  
wild ;

Conquering the mighty by its might, claiming father,  
mother, child.

Some said they thought it fear, till the infant prattler  
fell,

Who had never dropp'd a tear, or one anxious thought  
could tell ;

The aged, weary, worn, fell beneath its sudden stroke,  
And the young, in life's bright morn, felt that the strong  
cord was broke.

Scarce a wailing for the dead—not one lingering, long  
embrace—

Not one parting tear was shed o'er a loved familiar  
face ;

But the solemn question came, "Who shall next be  
called away" ?

Those whom earth to-day may claim, life-like were yesterday.

Was there then no solemn vow, that if God would hear and spare,

We would offer in His house sacrifice of praise and prayer,

Grateful as the erring king offered when the angel's blade

He saw o'er loved Jerusalem swing, till God His vengeance stayed ?

Gratefully we give thee, Lord, thanks for all thy hand hath wrought :

May it tell in every word, every action, every thought !  
Thou hast spared our rich and high, and the poor have felt thy rod :

O that they may ne'er deny, all the mercies of their God !

May they give, as thou hast given, freely to the widow's need—

Prove themselves thy faithful stewards and their worth by generous deed !

May they soothe the sorrowing with their Christian sympathy,

Comfort to the orphan bring, point the mourner up to  
THEE !



Hark! the church-bell's solemn sound tells the day we've  
set apart,  
Tendering God, with words profound, homage from a  
grateful heart.  
Up to His courts, ye rich, and great ! ye have cause for  
songs of praise:  
Joyful crowd His temple gate ; praise Him who  
lengthens out your days.  
Come, ye poor and needy, come ; have ye not deliver-  
ance found ?  
Hath He spared your humble home when the plague  
swept all around ?  
Gladly raise, with heart and voice, lofty hymns of holy  
praise ;  
Sing His mercy and rejoice in it as of ancient days.  
Praise His name, for it is good, and His mercy ever  
sure ;  
His love, which has through ages stood, to endless ages  
shall endure :  
Still the same thyself proclaimed—gracious, merciful,  
and kind ;  
All thy love and goodness named—lingering justice kept  
behind.  
Praise Him that we seek not vainly for the spot where  
loved ones sleep,

Thinking how, almost profanely, they were piled to  
raise the heap.

Praise Him that a few short hours, racked and torn by  
mortal pain,

Were not all we could call ours, ere our doom unchanged  
remain.

Praise Him that the scourge is over ; that we can lie  
down in peace ;

Guardian angels round us hover, upheld by love that  
cannot cease.

Oh ! if angels praise Him ever, owing not one-half we  
owe—

Sinning not, they had no Saviour, ransoming from end-  
less woe—

Should we not be ever praising, telling all His love and  
care,

Through all time our altars raising, till His glorious  
rest we share ?



"BLOW UP THE TRUMPET, IN THE TIME  
APPOINTED, ON OUR SOLEMN FEAST  
DAY."

PSALM LXXXI. 3.

HASTE to the Temple ! Hark the heralds proclaiming—  
All who have faith in our one common God,  
Who the small difference of sect would be naming,  
Who have escaped from the chastening rod ?

Who could defy it—the pestilence sweeping,  
Dreadful in darkness, or wasting by day ?  
Who could unmoved list the wailing and weeping,  
As one and another were summoned away ?

Who had a charm or a spell that could render  
Powerless its force—an invincible shield ?  
They need not come, who have nothing to tender ;  
They, and they only, have nothing to yield.

Come, all whose hearts are with gratitude swelling ;  
Pay Him the vows, that in trouble ye vowed ;  
Praise Him whose care o'er your temple and dwelling  
His rainbow of love hath triumphantly bowed.

Praise Him, and give to the wretched and woe-worn  
Part of what God in His bounty hath given ;  
Widow and orphan, forsaken and forlorn :  
Praise Him, and bless Him, with acts born of heaven.

Praise Him that your loved ones ye shrink not from  
tending,  
When fever and death are at strife on their brow ;  
That ye list their last words while their struggle is ending,  
And show them the Rock that is higher than thou.

Praise Him, the Almighty, who heals your diseases,  
Feels for mankind as He felt when below ;  
Who e'er was refused that came meekly to Jesus,  
And told the sad tale of his burden of woe ?

Who would be one of the nine lepers healed,  
Who asked for the favour, but made no return ?  
Let us take warning by truth so revealed :  
Who would not the thought of ingratitude spurn ?

Up to His courts, on our solemn thanksgiving !  
Praise is the incense our God will most prize ;  
Thank Him, and bless Him, and praise Him, ye living :  
Such offering your Father will never despise.

## TO JANE,

ON RECEIVING HER DAGUERRETYPE.

I BLESS thee for it, though thou art  
Daguerretyped upon my heart,  
By that bright, glowing sunshine known  
But to life's radiant morn alone.  
Every feature of thy face,  
And more—each sweet, peculiar grace—  
Requires not thus to be recalled  
In that heart where thou art installed.

Yet art thou changed. Methinks thy brow  
Seems not so free from shadow now ;  
And thy soft eye hath looked through tears  
That dimmed them not in bygone years.  
What marvel, when thy loved and good  
Have sunk in death's o'erwhelming flood ?  
I too have wept him ; for I knew  
His generous friendship—tender—true ;  
And thy sire's image seems to me  
Thy melancholy shade to be.

How selfish of me to be glad !  
I saw thee not when thou wert sad :  
I might have gently soothed thy sorrow,  
With many a word that love could borrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Evermore changes ! What !—a bride !  
Another home—truth, love, untried.  
How softly, too, I hear thee say  
Thou’rt growing happier day by day !  
I joy with thee it should be so—  
The purest bliss conferred below :  
A peaceful and a happy home,  
Where earthly sorrows seldom come ;  
And should that love, so tender, true—  
Our girlish hearts together drew,  
Be never breathed on earth, dear Jane,  
In spoken language, ’twixt us twain ;  
And should our earthly eyes no more  
Be bless’d with scenes beheld of yore,  
Think not that distance, time, or place  
Those scenes of bliss can e’er efface.  
While life shall last, or memory’s mine,  
Soft, pensive thoughts shall still be thine,  
Delightful as the odour shed  
From rose-leaves when the life has fled,  
Of peaceful hours enjoyed with thee  
’Mid thy great city’s revelry,  
When from the young, the fair, the gay,  
We two have stolen at eve away,

To be alone amid the strife  
Of that vast mart of bustling life.  
O for one hour again to be  
In such communion sweet with thee,  
When, childhood's happy days scarce o'er,  
We talked of future joys in store,  
And thy soft, soothing words, like balm,  
Essayed my home-sick soul to calm !  
Farewell ! farewell ! In years to come,  
When shadowy seems my childhood's home—  
When wasting time, receding ever,  
Memory's soft, silken links would sever—  
Should e'er thy much-loved form to me  
Seem dimmer than 'twas wont to be,  
This much-prized treasure, kept with care,  
Thine own dear face shall still declare ;  
And death alone shall bring to me,  
Forgetfulness of thine and thee.

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## A WINTER'S SCENE.

WINTER's breath sweeps, chill as death,  
O'er the blue lake's rippling waves,  
And charms asleep the haughty deep,  
O'er its thousand unseen caves.

The fir-tree's deathless robe of green  
Is glistening with its silvery sheen,  
From the frost king's regalia flung,  
Like starry gems, its leaves among ;  
And the laugh and song are borne along  
    The pure, unsullied air,  
From the young and gay, who keep holiday,  
    With the merry skaters there.  
Away ! away ! through each graceful turn  
    Of that strange, exciting scene,  
See how their fair cheeks glow and burn,  
    As they wheel and glide between,  
With the soft fur coat up round each throat—  
    The thoughtful mother's care ;  
And the gloves so warm—they repel like a charm  
    The chilling frosty air.  
One youth goes out, and one heart beats high,  
    With all a mother's joy,  
That cold and care he can defy—  
    She has wealth for her noble boy ;  
And she turns aside, with conscious pride,  
    As she sees him bound away,  
With lightest heart, to take a part  
    In the skater's roundelay.  
Away ! away !—he may not stay ;



On ! farther than others—on !  
Was it a dream, that rending seam ?  
A moment, and all is gone !  
The crystal field is seen to yield,  
And the bravest shrink in dread :  
One dreadful yawn, and the boy is gone,  
With that icy tomb o'erhead.  
Methinks I hear the mother's wail,  
When the tidings reach her ear ;  
That I see her cheek turn deadly pale—  
Turn pale, but not with fear.

“Tell me no more !—could no one save my child !  
Was there not one to peril aught for him ?  
Not one that loved him near ? My brain grows wild !  
I see him floating, icebergs o'er him piled.  
I see him, but mine eyes grow strangely dim ;  
And, oh ! I almost wish I could not see :  
I dream—I think—'tis not reality.

“But, no !—I see him, with each long, soft curl,  
Wet and disordered, clinging round his brow.  
While the dark waters, in resistless whirl,  
Above, beneath, around, their fury hurl.

Was there no one to reach a friendly bough ?  
Reward was nothing to me—I would give  
All that I have, my child, to see thee live.

“ Pardon me Father, if I err in this,  
My wild, unbridled yearning for my son ;  
But I had sketched his life, so full of bliss—  
(Father, forgive a mother's tenderness)—

Had pictured him long years when I was gone,  
Swaying his country's councils for its weal,  
With that devotion patriots only feel.

“ And then the past—his helpless infancy—  
His thousand little wiles and winning ways—  
Come to me now as it were yesterday :  
Memory, thou weariest with thy endless maze,  
Ah ! cease to paint so bright his early days ;  
I might review them if I had but been  
Permitted to have soothed his parting scene.

“ It might not be—not even a few short hours,  
In death, ere claimed by earth, to call him mine ;  
To plant his quiet tomb with bright Spring flowers,  
While faith would paint his home in fairer bowers.

May God all-seeing give me light divine,  
To reach his spirit's home, and leave in trust  
To the unerring One his precious dust !”

REVENGE ON INDIA.

Yes ! have it England !—such revenge  
As well befits thy noble name—  
Revenge most worthy of a niche  
In the great temple of thy fame.

What shall it be for deed so foul  
That nature shrinks from its detail ?  
What vengeance equal to the crime  
That fills our land with one loud wail ?

For desolated homes and hearths—  
For slaughtered infancy and age :  
What shalt thou deem equivalent  
For darkest deeds of heathen rage ?

Glorious revenge thou hast—a sword  
No other arm can wield like thine :  
Their sunlight pales before the rays  
Of heavenly light that round it shine.

Unsheathe it, land of valiant sons,  
Flash it o'er India's masses all,  
Till soul and spirit feel its wounds,  
And 'neath its power submissive fall.

Thou know'st how quick and powerful 'tis,  
And sharper than a two-edged sword ;  
The noblest vengeance thou canst have  
Is sending India God's own Word.

Unsheathe it till their heart-sprung tears,  
Wash out the blood that stains their land :  
With vengeance such as Satan fears,  
Equip at once a goodly band.

Far as the Ganges' waters bear,  
For war or commerce, England's brave,  
Let God's pure Word go with them there,  
The heathen from their sins to save.

Oh ! launch it forth on Indus' tide,  
And let it prove an ark of peace  
To many a mother's throbbing heart,  
To know that infant victims cease.

Let it roll like the mighty stone  
 Hewn from the mountain's side afar,  
 Till, crushing 'neath its power, we hear  
 Old Juggernaut's once worshipped car.

Let its life-river, gushing full,  
 Quench out for aye the funeral pyre ;  
 And 'neath its Sun of Righteousness  
 Let superstition dark expire.

Then, England, shall thy slaughtered ones  
 Have vengeance meet, when o'er the land  
 In jungle's depth—on palmy plain—  
 Like monuments God's temples stand.

When Jesu's name shall be adored,  
 And bless'd o'er all our God shall be,  
 As the Creator, Sovereign, Lord,  
 By every trembling devotee.



## TO CAPTAIN PERCY, BRIG "JESSIE."

WELCOME, Terra Nova's heroes !  
Ay, give them three times three,  
For they've done a deed more daring  
Than many a victory.  
Mark well the good brig "Jessie,"  
And peal out from the fort,  
To her signal mute, a loud salute,  
Till the rocks ring its report.

Thrice welcome, gallant Percy !  
Not Rome's immortal three  
Were cooler in the danger  
Than thou hast proved to be ;  
And the noble name of Percy  
Hath won more true renown  
Than Chevy Chase to that proud race,  
Or Hotspur handed down.

What mattered the fierce tempest ?  
What mattered that each wave  
Threatened the little vessel  
That moment with a grave ?

Columbia's ensign floated  
Out far upon the gale,  
Not seen the less that in distress  
It mutely seemed to wail.

No reasoning with cool prudence ;  
No—"Can the thing be done" ?  
None talked of wreck, on that shattered deck,  
Of the risk that they must run ;  
But all shut out home's sweet visions,  
And hove the vessel to,  
And planned how best to do the rest,  
To save the sinking crew.

And God saw the noble effort,  
And bless'd the heroic deed ;  
And woman frail, and infancy,  
Were saved with wondrous speed :  
And many a brave, intrepid heart  
With bounding joy was thrilled,  
As, the danger past, and safe the last,  
The little ship was filled.  
They saw the wrecked "Northumberland"  
Go down without a sigh,  
With the blessed thought, they had left nought  
In the sinking bark to die.

"Now dole the food out carefully ;  
Who murmurs for being scant ?  
And put the "Jessie's" head about—  
'Tis the nearest port we want."  
Right nobly through the tempest  
With her living freight she bore,  
Till, torn and toss'd, with her living lost  
She reached green Erin's shore.

And we are waiting for them now,  
And many an ardent prayer  
Ascends up to our gracious God  
To have them in His care.  
We will welcome them as heroes  
Who have won a victory ;  
And with a cheer, that all may hear  
We'll give them "three times three;"  
But the greatest meed for their noble deed  
Their own pure joy will be.

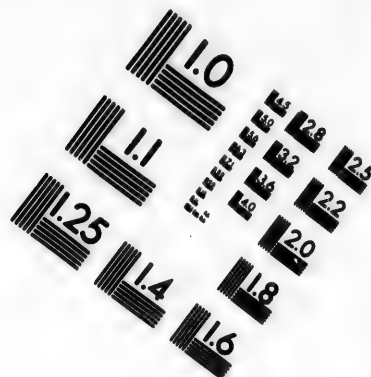




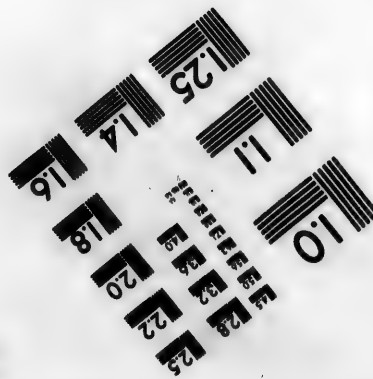
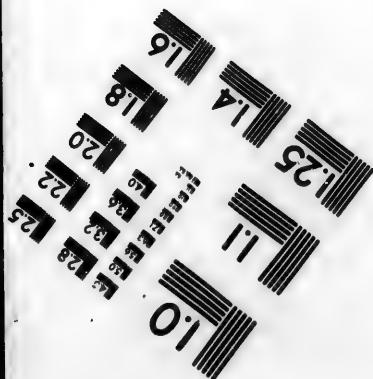
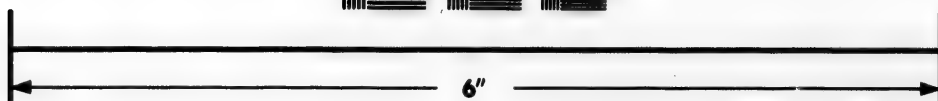
ON FRAGMENTS OF STONE FROM THE  
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

WHERE those grand, wild rocks arose  
O'er the waters' stern repose,  
Mortals gazed with solemn dread,  
Hushing e'en their footsteps tread,  
Lest one sound should break the spell  
That around them seemed to dwell ;  
Rocks tow'ring high, in calm or storm,  
In many a wild, fantastic form ;  
Echoing back the seamew's wail,  
Borne fitfully upon the gale,  
Or the curlew's shrill, lone note,  
Like music from a distant boat.  
Here olden Ivy twines and clings  
To hoary, fragile, crumbling things,  
Throwing its trembling bands of green  
So soothingly o'er each dark scene.  
Giant's Causeway !—Nature's own !  
Reared by Nature's God alone—  
Who could look unmoved on thee,  
Marvel of the Western sea—  
Stretching thy pillars 'neath the wave,





Resolution test chart showing patterns of vertical and horizontal lines with numerical values ranging from 1.0 to 2.5.



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To Staffa, and to Fingal's cave,  
Where rolls for aye the sounding main,  
In surges thou roll'st back again ?  
Fare-thee-well, belov'd home Isle,  
Where nature wears her brightest smile ;  
Though memory still will treasure thee,  
Would thou could'st forgotten be !

---

## AN HOUR WITH MEMORY.

MEMORY ! wherefore wilt thou ever  
Linger round each once-loved spot ?  
Is the task a vain endeavour  
To bribe thee to recal them not ?

See ! the glowing Summer round us  
Breathes of balmy, odorous flowers :  
Memory wilt thou ever wound us  
With thy scenes of bygone hours ?

Yet this once I listen to thee !  
Memory, whisper all again :  
I more than listen now—I woo thee,  
Reminiscencer of pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

What hast thou said ? For other hands than thine  
Around thy childhood's home the flow'rets twine,  
And voices that once mingled with thine own  
Are echoing thence, but with less joyous tone;  
And one who trod for years a foreign land  
Has joined the remnant of thy scattered band.  
Haste, Fancy ! haste !—with them retrace each scene  
Of childhood's haunts—the dear, the ever green :  
The ruined castle with its mould'ring fort—  
The shadowy cave, our loved and lone resort—  
Conjure up memories of departed hours,  
And cull one wreath of unforgotten flowers—  
One deathless wreath from those thy childhood wove—  
One fond memento of thy childhood's love !  
But, hush !—'Tis eventide, and all is still,  
Save the deep-moaning sea or murmuring rill :  
Even the bright flowers their graceful heads are bending,  
As if to catch the incense now ascending ;  
For 'tis a holy hour—one free from care—  
The sacred hour of rest, of evening prayer.  
Each voice is hushed—each fair young head is bowed ;  
A thousand living memories o'er me crowd.  
Father, thy deep, rich voice is in mine ear,  
Telling of hope, soothing each nameless fear,  
And praying that our fond and household band

May meet unbroken in a happier land ;  
And earth can ne'er give back such love again,  
As murmurs, mother, in thy low "Amen !"

Beloved memories !—dreams of bliss !—farewell !

I murmur not—there may be joys in store :  
The busy world still breaks the magic spell,  
But the bright past can be recalled no more !

---

ON A RELIC, FROM "MARS' HILL," AT  
ATHENS.

PART of Mars' Hill !—perchance the very spot  
Where Paul gave burning words to glowing thought ;  
Where proud Athena's sages heard with awe,  
As by an oracle, their "Unknown's" laud—  
Its perfect holiness—for man's sad fall  
Justly pronouncing death upon them all ;  
While Paul declared Him sternly just alone,  
They felt convinced it was their "God unknown,"  
And rent, with wild acclaim, the air around,  
Rejoicing that their "unknown God" was found.  
But when he told how in heaven's courts began,  
The glorious scheme to save rebellious man—

When Mercy offered all that Truth required,  
And love a GOD for sacrifice inspired ;  
He came not as their gods—with loud acclaim—  
With trumpets' sound, and pomp, and mighty fame—  
But as a weeping babe—a weary man ;  
'Twas "foolishness" they did not care to scan :  
And so it perished—human reason brought  
Weak sophistry to clothe the doctrine taught.

---

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. A. CHESLEY.

A PRINCE hath fallen ! We know it—one of the  
mighty's gone,  
His eye undimm'd, his right arm strong, his armour  
buckled on ;  
And his work—to our weak human view, his work but  
well begun—  
Much of his Father's kingdom here to be possessed and  
won.

A prince hath fallen ! Most nobly he rushed into the  
fight,  
With poverty, disease, and sin, that shroud the poor  
from light :



With more unwearied zeal he toiled than misers toil  
for gold,  
And, did we mete out life by work, he had been counted  
old.

We mourn him for his guilelessness, unselfishness, and  
love—  
For every trait that places man his fellow-men above ;  
And we deem the spot more hallowed where we've laid  
him down to rest,  
Than if the turf were piled above an earthly monarch's  
breast.

He hath raised himself a monument who never sought  
for fame,  
And we will make a household word of Chesley's hon-  
oured name—  
A name to breathe with tearful eyes when names be-  
loved have power  
To soothe the heart, like David's harp, in sorrow's  
gloomy hour.

Farewell, thou saint ! our sordid tears flow for our-  
selves, not thee ;  
For thou hast reached the Promised Land, from sin  
and sorrow free :

But there is one left desolate—a stranger, and alone—  
With helpless ones to feel her loss, unconscious of their  
OWN.

Yet, strong in faith, he knew in whom the widow was  
to trust,  
And who would shield his fatherless when he was laid  
in dust;  
Our God! with richest grace and with thy tenderest  
love be theirs—  
Husband and father to them now, in answer to our  
prayers.

---

DAVID AND THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

O for one draught of water  
From Bethlehem's crystal well,  
To bring me back a dream of those  
Who wove my youth's bright spell,  
When, wearied with the noontide's heat,  
I sought its palm trees' shade,  
And led my flock beneath the rock  
Where cooling zephyrs play'd!

Oh ! what high aspirations,  
Like heavenly music, stole,  
When my harp poured at eventide  
The language of my soul !  
What bright, prophetic visions swept  
O'er all the years to come !  
What lofty deeds to be achieved,  
In Bethlehem, my home !

O Bethlehem ! humble city !  
My seer-like glance can see,  
Dim and obscure, yet not less sure,  
Our SHILOH spring from thee ;  
And often, in the calm, still eve,  
His godlike form rose there,  
Mightiest among the sons of men—  
Midst angels, passing fair.

Bright, swift, and clear, life's river roll'd  
For ever by His side ;  
And Bethlehem's well was lost to view,  
In its overflowing tide ;  
And my rude harp—no longer mine—  
Seemed swept by heavenly hands,  
Whilst thousand harps took up the strain,  
From thousand viewless bands.

Now, wearied, worn, and exiled one—

My harp untuned, unstrung—  
 Adullam's cave my resting-place,  
 How shall God's praise be sung ?  
 O for thy waters, Bethlehem,  
 To lead me back once more,  
 Through blessed memory, to the days  
 I quaffed the draught of yore !

O for the wings of yonder dove !  
 I soon should lave my breast  
 In its cool wave, and think myself  
 No longer, one unblest.

In vain ! in vain ! Philistia's host  
 Is camped o'er all the ground ;  
 It peoples Bethlehem's stronghold-keeps,  
 The city all around.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus sang the shepherd prince, and thought no ear,  
 Save One above, his hopeless prayer might hear ;  
 Unconscious he that valorous ardour fired  
 Three worthy breasts to bring the boon desired.  
 With the eyes' language speaking soul to soul,  
 Forth from the cave with spears upraised they stole,  
 Pass'd through the foeman's host with haughty tread,  
 As if they each a conquering army led.

They reached the city's gate—each sentinel  
In silent wonder, saw them gain the well ;  
With casque or helm, from hand or burning brow,  
Dipp'd into Bethlehem's fount, they leave it now.  
Now valiant Tachmonite, bear well thy spear—  
Revenge for slain eight hundred waits thee here.  
Right well they know thee and thy comrades twain,  
By whom so many Philistines were slain,  
Come, Eleazer ! grasp thy well tried sword !  
Press closely, Shammah !—forward through the horde !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

They breathe again ! Thine arm, Omnipotence,  
Hath surely been their safeguard and defence.  
Rephaim's valley lieth far behind,  
Nor fleetest horsemen seek their hold to find.  
They reach the cave ! King David it is thine,  
Bought at more costly price than richest wine,  
Bethlehem's bright water, sighed for—not in vain—  
Borne through the host encamped on hill and plain.  
Thine was a kingly wish—thy peerless three  
Have ventured life and limb to bring it thee ;  
Quaff it, King David, and let it inspire  
A lofty theme for thy poetic lyre.

O Bethlehem's blood-bought water !  
I dare not drink of thee :

Thus humbly, Lord, I pour it out ;  
Thine let the off'ring be—  
The life blood of the men I love,  
Far from me be it, Lord,  
The love that plann'd such deed I own,  
Too great for man's reward.

---

"SAILED, AND HAS NOT SINCE BEEN  
HEARD OF."

[NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FOUNDERING OF A SHIP.]

SOFTLY, gentle breezes, ere she leave the shore,  
Let her gallant sailors waft one farewell more ;  
One hour for tender partings, with fondest farewell  
rife,

Before ye fan her canvas into fluttering life.  
Now, 'tis done—'tis over—let this be the last ;  
Lift the clinging pennon from the dripping mast,  
Force the tear unfallen back upon its source ;  
See ! the gallant vessel stands upon her course,  
Gracefully the blue waves bear her on her way ;  
Home's loved cliffs have faded with the fading day :  
Bright eyes dim with weeping—e'en that speck is gone,  
That from the highest hill-top thou wert gazing on,

Westward with the day-god—it hath vanished too,  
Leaving to night's jewels that arch of glorious blue.  
Homeward, weary watcher!—now that sight is gone,  
Faith and Hope are only—solely—thine to lean upon.  
Tend the flowers beloved—let not one leaf look sere  
As the hour, long-looked-for, of meeting draweth near.  
Weary, weary watching!—doubts and fears come quick,  
And with "hope deferred" the heart is growing sick.  
What can have detained her? 'Tis surely past the time,  
Tidings should come of her from that foreign clime,  
Days into weeks are passing, and weeks as ages seem,  
Fancy groweth painful as a fearful dream;  
Time is flying ever, foot and wing untired;  
Months have passed, yet cometh not the news desired.  
"Lloyds," at length, have noticed her sailing, day and  
date—

"Hath not since been heard of." Oh! what was her  
fate?

Oh! the racking torture!—ah! the woe intense,  
To many a wife and mother, of that dread suspense.  
"Has not since been heard of"! How it knells for aye,  
Out through all their life long, as of yesterday!  
"Has not since been heard of"! deep, abiding woe,  
Never mingling gently with times long ago!  
Never, never ending—death in deathless form—

Sighing in soft breezes—shrieking in the storm ;  
Never resting calmly in one holy spot,  
Where love could plant a flower—her sweet “forget-  
me-not.”

Yet fancy's death is awful as real death can be,  
Because it is undying, that last keen agony !

“Has not since been heard of.” Sadder words have  
ne'er

Vibrated in sorrow on a mourner's ear.

Never shall be heard of till the final day,

When the trump proclaimeth, “Time hath passed  
away !”

And the mourned and mourner shall stand face to face,  
By th' Archangel summoned from their resting-place.

---

### A BOUQUET OF WAX FLOWERS.

HAIL, Winter ! hail ! since flowers thus fair

Wake into bloom, despite thy breathing :

“Wee modest daisies”—fuchsias rare,

And fragrant stocks a bouquet wreathing.

Stem, leaf, and petal meet the eye,

As fairly formed, tints shown out truly,



As nature gave, in days gone by,  
When in their haunts we sought them duly.

"Wee modest daisy," met no more  
In every nook, by hill or wild-wood,  
As they were wont to be of yore,  
In happy days of blessed childhood !

Methinks I see thee, even now,  
Nipp'd rudely off by tiny fingers,  
To chain a wreath for neck or brow :  
Ah me ! soft memory round them lingers !

Fain would I tell the DONORS fair  
How much I prize their triumph glowing :  
Nature surpasses far their care  
Because her flowers are fragrant, growing.

Surpassing nature, in that they  
Heed not the seasons as they fly ;  
But last undimm'd by sad decay,  
When the originals must die.

## ELECTRICITY.

MYSTERIOUS power ! thou art everywhere—

Giving beauty to all things beneath ;

Thou art swift as the light—and free as the air.

Impulsive as Liberty's breath :

Thy strength is condensed in the cloud and the storm,  
And scattered again in the lightning's dread form.

We oft see thee here in Terra Nova's cold clime,

In the arrowy Northern light,

As, radiant with beauty, it flashes sublime

In the depth of the clear winter's night.

What fanciful visions its presence inspires,

As it shoots into castles, and turrets, and spires !

But, stranger than all, man has grasped thy strange  
power,

And made thee the slave of his will ;

And from merchant, and senate, and fair lady's bower,

Thy couriers are speeding on still,

Down far 'neath our feet, or aloft o'er our head,

Bringing ever new tidings of living or dead.

Lonely, indeed, is thy pathway oft-times,  
Strange sprite with the voiceless words ;  
And sorrow and joy, and blessings and crimes,  
Are told by thy silent chords :  
From man to man, with the speed of thought,  
From realm to realm, are thy tidings brought.

Away through the depth of the stormy waves,  
Where the tempests lour in wrath—  
Away through thy ice-bound arctic caves—  
Rush on in thy wondrous path !  
Unheeded the tempests above thee sweep :  
Though art filling thy course through the mighty deep.

Away where the mountains mock the skies  
Thy slender lines are seen ;  
Away where the olden forests rise,  
Where man has seldom been ;  
Away through the crowded city's hum,  
Untired and untiring, thy messengers come.

Silently, secretly, onward it goes,  
Its trust betraying never ;  
Unchanging in heat or in Northern snows,  
Through mountain, wood, or river ;  
Adding to science one link more—  
Joining together each foreign shore:

Bringing green Erin, the home of my childhood,  
Nearer and dearer—oh ! that I may see  
The hour when, harmonious as sounds in the wildwood,  
Our Isles of the ocean in union may be,  
And wishes and blessings, so often exchanged,  
Shall keep hearts that are parted from being estranged !

May HE who upholds the earth in its course,  
And binds with electric chain,  
Forbid that a foeman should ever force  
That power for our country's pain ;  
But keep our Electric Telegraph free,  
In its service of peace by land and by sea !

---

#### THE BELLE.

SHE sat, the belle of the evening,  
Alone in her room at night,  
On a cushion beside her lying,  
Her gems were flashing bright ;  
Her dark-brown hair, unbraided,  
In rich, soft curls hung round ;  
And, by her fair hand shaded,  
Her blue eyes sought the ground.

Bright eyes had told, and lips too,  
She was the loveliest far  
'Mid all the galaxy that night—  
“A bright particular star.”  
And the rich and great had sought her side,  
As worldlings always do,  
As weal or woe perchance betide,  
Suit their false homage too.

She had entered, with an ardour  
Which only youth can know,  
On the gayest scenes of fashion-life,  
Its pageantry and show :  
And now, in utter weariness,  
She turns from scenes so fair—  
A mockery of happiness  
O'er vanity and care.

Something had whispered, dearer  
Were the sea-shells from the strand  
She had gathered in her childhood,  
Than her gems from many a land.  
Her dark eye's fringe was glistening  
With strange, unbidden tears ;  
And her rapt soul was listening  
To tales of bygone years.

The "eye-bright's" starry flowers,  
That in infancy she knew,  
Came oftener to her vision  
Than her sapphires' heavenly blue.  
Her heart felt more of pleasure,  
The first Spring buds to greet,  
Than the gay world's joys could measure,  
All crowded at her feet.

"O for one hour of childhood,  
That I might tempt once more  
The laughing Summer wave that swept  
Far up the sandy shore !  
To chase the bright-winged butterfly  
Through flax-field's deep blue flowers,  
And hide from noontide's dazzling beams,  
In scented woodbine bowers !

"To know it was no hollow word  
That breathed of fervent love ;  
That friendship was more than a name,  
And rose the world above !  
'Tis past!—I urge no vain regret ;  
Our joys are all untrue :  
They dim the past—'tis strange ; and yet  
They mar the future too.

## RETROSPECTION.

I'm looking at the gloomy past,  
Whilst, floating down life's stream,  
Each joy seemed brighter than the last ;  
But now 'tis all a dream.  
And Memory strikes her golden chord,  
And wakes the lyre in vain ;  
For, oh ! it fails to reproduce  
Its first and sweetest strain !

The world its chequered veil has thrown,  
Of sorrow and regret,  
O'er every Idol I have known,  
Where memory lingers yet.  
The world's breath robb'd them of their scent—  
The flowers I loved before ;  
And sunlight, stream—all—all are changed  
Since those happy days of yore.

Repining mortal ! hush !—be still !  
Here let thy murmurings end,  
And bow submissive to His will,  
Thy Father and thy Friend.

Thy God is He who guides the stars  
Who heeds the ravens' cry ;  
Strong to uphold—mighty to save—  
Still merciful—still nigh.

-----

"ALONE AT THE RENDEZVOUS."

A PAINTING.

PENSIVELY waiteth a maiden,  
Alone at the rendezvous,  
Her dog and whip beside her ;  
How long is the lingerer due ?

Her horse seems half-impatient,  
But no shade's on the lady's brow :  
Where are her hat and veil gone,  
That she wears not either now ?

Who is she waiting for there—  
Father, brother, or lover ?  
So tranquil her mien and air,  
'Twould take a seer to discover.

I see a horseman coming ;  
I'll wait, if he's not too long,  
To see if he is her lover,  
And tell it in my song.



TO MARY, ON RECEIVING A CABBAGE  
ROSE FROM HOME.

BEAUTIFUL Rose ! I've seen thee bending  
'Neath a glistening show'r of dew—  
Caught thy fragrant breath ascending—  
Watched thy softened, glowing hue ;  
Laughed with rapturous joy to see  
In Spring, a show'r of buds on thee.  
I loved thee more than any flower  
That blossomed in our garden bower ;  
For the friends I prized, I chose  
From thy stem a half-blown rose ;  
I mourned each flower's untimely doom,  
By worm or storm cut off in bloom ;  
And, ever when the Autumn swept  
Thy withering leaves, I could have wept.

'Tis past ! My childhood's dreams are gone ;  
I've left those scenes, but not alone :  
Our household band united are,  
From our childhood's home afar.  
Parent of good ! thou knowest best,  
And thy word should be obeyed ;  
"Remember, this is not your rest:"

Seek a home where flowers ne'er fade.

"Mary, time has dealt with thee,"

I said, almost unpityingly ;

"For all the friends thou lovest most

Are by death, or distance lost;

And my heart goes forth with thee,

In thy lone walks by lake or sea.

Yet thou hast chosen a better part—

A home where friends divide no more:

Stricken by afflictions dart,

Thou hast turned to Canaan's shore."

Faded flower! thou hast brought back

All my childhood's bygone track—

Its joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,

Rainbow hopes, and shadowy fears ;

Something like April's gentle flowers,

Blooming in sunshine or in showers.

I cannot say I would recal

The years gone past—time gilds them all ;

Heightens their pleasure, soothes their pain:

Could we but view them all again,

As at the present hour, 'twould show

Their joy unequal to their woe.

Mary, I would learn, like thee,

Unrepining still to be.

Farewell ! I thank thee for the rose ;  
Though withered, still it breathes perfume ;  
And teaches, though no more it glows,  
The Just's remembered in the tomb.

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### LINES ON THE SALE OF KNOYDART,

THE LAST OF THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE CLAN OF  
GLENGARRY.

SILENCE and sadness !—the Clan of Glengarry  
Holds lordship no longer o'er mountain and dell ;  
“The rock and the raven” no longer will carry  
Their shout of defiance o'er moorland and fell.  
Perished their clanship ; the halls of their fathers,  
Where visored and gauntleted warriors trod,  
Now echoes no sound save the storm while it gathers,  
And sighs its wild dirge o'er the desolate sod.

Vanished their tartan and claymore for ever ;  
Their war-cry no more in the lowland is known ;  
And their language, so wild and impassioned, shall  
never  
Be spoken or sung, save by some minstrel lone.

They are passing away ! their homes owned by the  
stranger,

Who will heedlessly tread where the proud chieftains  
lie ;

And the sons who were foremost in peril or danger  
Are gone o'er the billow, in far lands to die.

'Tis centuries now since thy banner, Glengarry,  
First swept like a whirlwind along in its wrath ;  
Since thy war-cry first swell'd to the eagle's high eyrie,  
And startled the deer in its wild mountain path.

When was thy pibroch mute ?—when didst thou ever  
Shrink till the fued or the battle was o'er ?  
Line of heroes undaunted, who dreamed there could  
never

Come a day when thy clan should be chieftained no  
more.

Has thy country no bard who its harp-strings will  
waken,

And chaunt one wild coronach over thy line—  
One sad, deep lament for the old land forsaken,  
With its stern, heath-clad mountains and forests of  
pine ?

Glorious old land ! where the lake, crag, and river  
Repose in the sunshine, in loveliest form ;

Who could not sing of thee? When wild tempests  
shiver

The forest's tall stems, thou art grandest in storm.

Oh! hallowed for ever, in lowland or highland,  
Be thy memory, Glengarry, though thy clan be no more:  
As long as the sunbeam gilds mountain and island,  
May they name thee in love where thou ruledst of yore!  
May no action ignoble—no deed that is craven—  
Stain their names who have left thee at duty's behest,  
Their children to teach, "the rock and the raven"  
In their new peaceful homes in the Land of the West!

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THINGS FOR AN ALBUM.

PAINTINGS of old familiar haunts,
To memory ever green ;
A broken fence—a mouldering tower—
Or a little, calm wood scene,
That might, perchance, to strangers' eyes,
Tame and unlovely be ;
But beautiful as Fancy's dream
Is ever unto thee.

A scentless, hueless, withered flower,
 Though dead to all save thee,
 Instinct with life and love comes back,
 Dew-gemm'd most daintily.
 Beloved with all thy childhood's love,
 Memento of farewell,
 Gives faithfully a river side,
 A mountain, or a dell.

A golden lock from childhood's brow,
 That never might grow old ;
 A silvery tress, from friend beloved,
 Whose last tale hath been told ;
 A prayer for thee, in tenderest words,
 Penned with a trembling hand,
 That softly strikes a golden harp
 Now, in a Better Land.

Perchance a token of the love
 That watched thine infancy—
 Perchance a trifle from a friend
 Long since estranged from thee.
 These, and a thousand other things,
 Of which I may not tell :
 Oh ! treasure them with hallowing love—
 They suit an Album well.

MEMORIES AND MEMENTOES.

MEMORIES and mementoes,
In miniatures or hair,
Or pencillings in favourite books—
They meet us everywhere.
Dead leaves, or withered flowers,
That, perchance, with jest or song,
Had been left to mark the hours,
Time with pleasure sped along.

The minatures alone are left
Of all we thought most fair,
And in the dust are lying
The kindred locks of hair.
The fingers ne'er may leave a trace
Of pleasure or of pain,
In note upon a favourite place,
Or leaf, or flower again.



MIDSUMMER EVE.

MIDSUMMER Eve, where old dim woods

Were never trod by fairy band—

Where haunted glen, or castle lone,

Rise not for dreamers in the land !

Midsummer Eve ! the bonfires flash

Like jewels on fair twilight's brow—

Pale 'neath the glowing Western sky—

Bright 'neath the darker Eastern now.

Far o'er the forests wide it gleams,

Lights faintly up the distant hills ;

Flings o'er the still lake ruddy beams,

And flashes o'er the sparkling rills.

The snipe, its measured, mournful note

Rings out like echoes on the ear ;

But memory's echoes round us float,

Until we nought save them can hear.

O memory ! sadly fair art thou—

For ever present—ever young ;

Like a sweet face and radiant brow,

By curls like tendrils overhung :

Back, back it bears the throbbing heart
O'er all the weary way gone by,
When glowing flowers, in beauty strewn
On early graves, now faded lie.

Oh ! how distinct the shadows fall—
Shadows that substance have no more !
And echo answers to our call,
Instead of voices heard of yore.
And thoughts—strange thoughts—rise up : we see
The wondrous change and chance of years,
And find past joys can smiles forget,
But sorrow ne'er forgets its tears.

The infant lip and eye of mirth,
Rise up as from a hallowed land ;
Unlike as leaves that strew the earth,
Comes back our childhood's loving band ;
And their unstudied laughter far,
Is echoing over rock and sea ;
The bonfire dims the evening star—
No sorrow clouds dear childhood's glee.

TO E. L—— M——, ESQ.,

FOR AN IRISH HARP BROOCH OF HIS OWN CARVING.

DEAR emblem of Erin ! oh, how shall I tender
In suitable words all the thanks that I owe
To friendship and genius ?—what language shall render
A sense of the kindness that honoured me so ?
So gracefully polished—with chaste beauty glowing,
And fancy, let loose, o'er its mute wires is throwing
A fair hand and arm, till rich music is flowing.
Sacred to Moore and dear “Erin-go-bragh.”

Then haste thee, sweet gratitude !—say how I'll cherish
The gift for the giver ? Oh, tell him from me ;
Place a rich gem beside it—its lustre would perish,
Or reach but my eye, while my heart still would be
Twined round thy harp-strings, beloved, caressing,
To Moore and to Erin each fond thought addressing
And framing that thought still to prayer for a blessing
To rest on its giver and “Erin-go-bragh.”

Dear wert thou to me—well prized e'en in childhood ;
Borne on the wing of an angel away ;
In fancy I heard thy sweet notes in the wildwood,
And woo'd thee in tenderest accents to stay.

Vainly I woo'd thee : like Southern airs dying,
Came lower and lower on the soft wind its sighing,
And painfully told us that pleasure was flying,
So mournfully too from sweet "Erin-go-bragh."

Then, welcome, dear harp, to my bosom for ever !
Still faithfully mirror the giver to me ;
Nor let distance, nor time, from my deep regard sever
The spirit-like face that is sacred to thee.
I'll picture it o'er thee devotedly bending,
Artist-like to thee his rich fancy lending,
Till beauty, and grace, and simplicity blending,
Thou wert formed — the dear harp of my
"Erin-go-bragh."

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

[When intelligence of the taking of Quebec reached England, every city and village was illuminated, except the country village of Westerham, in Kent, where Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only child.]

VICTORY ! victory !—lights flashing everywhere—
Up from the peasant's home—blown from the princely
dome ;
Softened totwilight fair—heightened to noontide's glare
Making the busy street, echo steps yet more fleet :

Up from the lonely glen, far from the haunts of men,
Gleaming out through the trees, swayed by the fitful
breeze ;

Now on the mountain height showing its crescent light,
Now like a starry beam falling on lake and stream.

Victory ! victory !—bells with their merry chime
Drowning the flight of time,
Making old England seem bright as a fairy dream,
With all those sounds sublime soothed into sweetest
rhyme ;

One name on every tongue with the great victory sung ;
One name in every light glowed on that glorious night—
Thine, Wolfe !—no common name, linked with no com-
mon fame—

Deathless—still young !

Victory ! victory ! lights flashing everywhere,
Save from his village home where he had loved to roam ;
No lights were there.

There—how could joy have smiled ? Wolfe's mother
mourned her child.

Child !—ay, an only one ; ne'er mother blessed such son,
Gentle and brave :

Gentle, yet doomed to die 'mid war's wild agony ;
To know that, with victory won, he there must die alone,
As one unknown.

Vainly his stiffening hand, so used to proud command,
Sought from his glazing eye death's filmy dew to dry,
But for one glance to see aught of the victory.
Conq'r'r, 'twas sad to die when the foe turned to fly,
Ensuring with parting breath, success to thine arms in
death ;

Knowing, undoomed, to see thine immortality.
No marvel thy mother wept whilst crowds their revels
kept ;

Nor that thy village light paled on that joyous night,
Mourning the hero gone, who had the victory won.
Oh ! they may well illume where grief hath left no
gloom.

England may gain the day in many a future fray ;
England may joy again o'er cities storm'd and ta'en ;
But to that village home ne'er can such hero come ;
Ne'er can Wolfe's mother more joy as she joyed of yore :
Victory to her is none—victory that cost such son ;
No marvel that she wept, whilst crowds their revels
kept—

Nor that his village light paled on that joyous night.

ON A HEAD BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

A NOBLE head, with tresses grey,
Waved into wreaths the neck around ;
And eyes whose piercing, ardent ray
Seems gazing into depth profound.

What dost thou with the future ? thou—
Methinks thy head should backward turn,
Or yet more meetly raised thy brow,
Where heaven's bright chariot-lamps still burn.

What dost thou with the future ? Death
Has surely often passed thee by,
And thou hast hushed thy very breath
To see the young and lovely die.

Thy look has nought of dark despair—
Too calm for madness is thy gaze :
A strange expectancy sits there,
As seeking objects through a haze.

Perchance with invocation deep
Thou'rt summoning up thy earthly past ;
Perchance those eyes their youth still keep,
While scenes of happiness come fast.

No longer past or present thine ;
All—all is future to thine eye ;
And softly fair the lovely shine,
And, dimly veil'd, harsh by-gones lie.

The Summer glows with its warm light,
And Winter is not seen at all :
The brightness showeth what is bright—
The darkness hideth with its pall.

The very graves are hid with flowers,
So fair that nought is seen below :
O'er thy past future no cloud lowers,
But sunshine radiates with its bow.

Great master hand ! thou should'st have drawn,
The same face with its future past—
Its very memories all gone,
Turned heavenward for its peace at last.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THOUGHT's bridge is laid 'neath ocean's waves—the
mighty work is done,
And we greet them well as conquerors after a victory
won.

Flash out from lowly window—flash out from lofty
spire—

A gleam to tell how proudly we hail that spark of fire,
That quick as thought its language breathes, in mighty
voiceless words,
And thrills with strangest sympathy our old world's
hidden chords.

A glorious victory surely, unbought by strife or blood—
The victory of the human mind o'er time, and space,
and flood :

No tears o'er fallen greatness—no wailing sound comes
in,

To still the heart's glad throbbing, as 'mid the battle's
din ;

All godlike in its mission, may its first glad words of
peace

Be but the glorious augury of what shall never cease !

Thoughts messenger! the fleetest—all hail, we say, to thee
A calm and peaceful resting-place down 'neath the
troubled sea,
Where thine iron nerve, deep hidden, yields but to man's
control,
And flashes answering thought to thought—soul's inter-
course with soul.
Strange—strange—that human power should e'er bear
deathless words through thee,
Whose might hath ever quenched man's life, in speech-
less agony!

Hail to the victors every one—toilers with arm or brain,
Who planned at first, or sped at last, the wondrous
speaking chain!
We own them worthy of the wreath that crowns the
conqueror's brow,
And trust that Fame will give each name a niche where
all may bow.
May craft, and cruelty, and crime fall powerless on that
day,
And, awe-struck, fear to ever bring thy chords beneath
their sway,
When, Genius, at thy holy shrine our homage meet we
pay!

TO THE COMET OF 1858.

SWEEP on !—before the wondering gaze
Of thousands through thine orbit blaze ;
Let thy eccentric race be run
Above, beneath, or round the sun.
Nearer, yet nearer to our earth,
Till eyes grow dim that flashed with mirth ;
Still onward in thy fiery haste.
Dread chronicler of ages past,
When awe-struck nations saw in thee
Of future ills dire prophecy—
War, famine, plague, Almighty wrath,
Deemed following in thy fearful path.
Sweep on !—let star-seers speculate
Upon thy course—our planet's fate ;
Proud Science, with heaven's roll unfurled,
Tell when thou last swept past our world ;
Weigh what the thousand chances are
Of contact with our humbler star :
Chances !—the mightiest master-mind
That scans the spheres were better blind,
Than not to see the Arm Divine
That points the wandering Comet's line ;

That named the stars before frail man
His changeful course on earth began.
How good to know a Father's hand
Doth heaven's impetuous orbs command !
Calmly we see them burn and glow,
And own His power who formed them so—
Who, when they've run their trackless race,
At wondrous speed, through boundless space—
When, pile on pile, our mother earth
Lies heaped on those of mortal birth
Who've watched them to their mighty goal,
With straining eye and kindling soul—
When they, and thousands such as they,
Have, long forgotten, passed away—
With eye Omniscient, still undimm'd,
Marks them as when His praise they hymn'd,
Rejoicing in His glorious might
Whose word created spheres and light—
Who gave the universe His laws,
And stood proclaimed its GREAT FIRST CAUSE.



ON THE FLUTTERING SOUND OF LEAVES

SAID TO BE PECULIAR TO EARLY AUTUMN.

WHAT ! pleading, trembling ones ! dread ye your doom,
And urge, with sweet remembrance of the past,
To mournful pity Autumn's first chill blast—
Yet—yet a little respite from the tomb ?

Spare us for Spring-time's sake !—what can restore
To playful infancy life's first green leaves ?
Sunshine for ever round them warmly cleaves,
And joy unmixed, that can return no more.

Spare us for youth and love—when life was sweet,
Ere Time's soft mellowing tint their Summer hue—
Ere darkening clouds roll o'er their sky's deep blue :
Linger, dark Autumn ! spare Love's bowered retreat !

Spare us for weary age—the seer and hoar,
Who gaze so wistfully. 'Twill soon be past :
No look so charged with love as is the last.
O Autumn ! spare for the green leaves of yore !

Spare for the early doomed—the young, and fair:
Oh ! quench not life's expiring flame too soon.
Soothe with the airs that fann'd the rose in June ;
Blow gently—Autumn's waning leaves yet spare !

Vain pleadings !—though the tempests fail to blow
Yet comes that strange, low rustling—then the streak,
Like sad consumption's hectic on the cheek,
Comes surely—ere the Autumn leaves lie low.

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AN ORPHAN SLEEPING.

SLEEP sweetly, pretty babe, and fear no harm,  
Pillowed and guarded by an angel's arm,  
Whose sleepless eyelids watch thee day and night,  
And soft wings shade thee from the varying light.  
Although no mother's tender care may be  
Thrown as a shield around thine infancy—  
No father's eye dilate with pride and joy  
To see the growing promise of his boy—  
Thou hast a Father—one whose watchful love  
Rises a mother's tenderest care above,  
Deathless and sleepless : on that arm divine  
Rest safely, God's own power and love are thine;

And woe betide the human hand that dare  
Wrong or oppress such mighty Guardian's care !  
His doom denounced, God's threatening Word reveals,  
And love for orphans sweetest promise seals.

THE PICNIC—A MEMORY.

FAIR fiction—wild romance—gay fancy hence !  
I would a serious hour with sober truth,  
To gaze on scenes gone past with lightning glance,  
And catch a sunbeam from the skies of youth,  
To sketch a life-drawn painting from a scene  
Most simple, yet to memory evergreen.

'Twas noontide of a bright mid summer's day ;  
A pleasure-loving party sought the shade,  
Not of old trees, but giant rocks that lay  
In rude magnificence around a bay—  
Rocks clothed with verdure in each sloping glade,  
Where roses wild and tufts of primrose sweet,  
Harebell and violet, clustered at their feet.

Above them rose the sea-bird's wailing cry ;  
Beside them—ocean slumbered calmly there ;  
No city's sound to break the harmony

Of nature's empire—wild that scene, yet fair,  
By faithful memory mirrored back as true  
As if no other change of place it knew.

I was a very child, yet something strange  
Impressed upon me every look and tone ;  
They still remain undimm'd by time and change,  
The silent moments given to thought to range :  
Each youthful brow to sorrow yet unknown,  
The prayer of one fair girl, with seer-like eye,  
With one bright glance to scan futurity ;—

To mark what changes might befall each one—  
To track life's course through many an onward year.  
Vain wish for her!—but now that years are gone,  
I sadly note each bright but short career,  
Fair as the flowers on mossy bank that fade—  
As little missed from grove, and green, and glade.

One, fever-struck, turned from commercial care  
In other lands—just reached his home and died ;  
And one, amongst the fairest deemed most fair,  
Consumption claimed as Death's unwilling bride;  
And claimed another in the bloom of life—  
Ere yet six months a happy bride and wife.

The rest are wanderers all in far-off lands,  
World-worshipping, with care worn, time-marked  
brows,  
Scenes like to this seem footprints on life's sands,  
Or like the wind that from Arabian boughs  
Wafts to the mariner, through storm-vex'd sail,  
Delightful odours on the grateful gale.

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## LIFE DREAMS.

SURELY as the evening's shadows,  
Fall around at closing day,  
Morn's sweet sun will rise to glad us,  
With his bright and cheering ray.

•

Surely as the tempest, sweeping  
O'er our earth its fearful blast,  
Will kind nature, dewdrops weeping,  
Drop as balm to heal the past.

Oh ! how sweet when dark clouds gather  
O'er our path with threatening form,  
This to know—thou art our Father,  
Shield and refuge in the storm !



Everywhere our Father's dealing  
Is the same to wound, to heal :  
Both alike bespeak His feeling  
For His erring children's weal.

When the heart is worn and weary,  
He provides a place of rest ;  
When life's path is lone and dreary,  
Heaven's a home for the distrest.

Blessed home !—where flowers ne'er wither—  
Where sweet music floats for aye ;  
Oh ! when once conducted thither,  
Joy hath never yesterday.

Blessed home !—where love unchanging  
Drinks of life's bright water still ;  
Distance, death, or change estranging  
Reaches not that Holy Hill.



## THE MERCHANT OF MARSEILLES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'TWAS evening, and the sunset's beam  
Shed o'er Marseilles its richest gleam.  
Though centuries have passed away,  
Still stands the mansion on the quay  
Known by the great St. Victor's name—  
Merchants of ancient rank and fame:  
For ages, unimpeached, the race  
Had wisely ruled their native place ;  
Still wealth and power have but their day,  
And all must sometime pass away ;  
Their ancient house, long firm and fast,  
Seemed tottering to its fall at last.

Within a large and gorgeous room  
St. Victor sat ; a shade of gloom  
Hung o'er his brow, so broad and fair,  
In deeply-furrowed lines of care.  
The dark, rich hair around that brow  
Was thickly strewn with silver now ;  
Sad, silent, and alone he sate  
'Mid luxury, and wealth, and state ;  
Soft carpets, mirrors, velvet, gold,  
Then rare in France, their great wealth told.

Around the walls, large panels still  
Showed the Italian masters' skill ;  
The richest paintings that might grace  
A monarch's fairest dwelling-place.  
Though some, yet richer and more rare,  
Had left still larger panels bare—  
Displaced the falling firm to stay,  
And check its downfall for a day.  
The chimney-piece, pure, white and high,  
Of marble, sculptured splendidly,  
Was by a portrait overhung  
Of one both beautiful and young.  
It was a radiant brow and fair ;  
Peace, joy, and happiness were there :  
The sweet expression of that face—  
The falling curls—the youthful grace :  
It was St. Victor long ago,  
Oh ! how could time have changed him so !  
Scarce had he reached his manhood's prime,  
Yet lost the bloom of Summer time ;  
And ever and anon he raised  
His eyes, and on that picture gazed.  
That boy—how beautiful ! how bright !  
How full of hope, and joy, and light !  
Oh ! what a contrast to that man,

So melancholy, pale, and wan !  
But it was woeful care, not time,  
Withered St. Victor's manly prime.

He started, as the opening door  
Told of the presence of one more :  
An old man entered, frail and worn,  
With furrowed brow and aspect lorn ;  
The lines were those of care and thought,  
And yet with pride and sternness fraught :  
His feeble step and tottering gait  
But ill became his dress and state.

St. Victor rose with outstretched hand,  
And kindling eye, and welcome bland :  
Devereux—a clerk once to his sire ;  
Marseilles now owned no merchant higher.  
He put the hand aside in scorn—  
“ Those bills I hold are due next morn.”  
St. Victor paused : “ Yes, it is so :  
But I am safe with you, I know :  
You will not press, and Heaven may send  
My broken fortunes soon to mend.”  
Coldly the old man said, “ You're wrong ;  
I shall not want my money long :

St. Victor, you miscalculate—  
I'll have the cash at any rate."  
St. Victor tried to laugh : " Forbear  
Devereux, awhile ; for I declare  
One of those bills I could not take,  
Much less the number that they make."  
" I claim not one, nor two, nor three,  
But all the bills I hold of thee."  
The debtor's cheek grew deadly white,  
As struck by some sharp, sudden blight:  
" Devereux, I know you may entomb  
My body in a prison's gloom—  
Ruin my credit and my name—  
Load me with infamy and shame ;  
But here I swear, were it to save  
My soul from ruin—though I gave—  
What would I say ? Calm, calm, my brain !  
This cannot meet my cause of pain.  
How is't you forcibly demand  
Those bills to which I gave my hand ?  
Counted I wrong, to think thee friend ?  
Can'st thou forsake me in the end ?  
Have I not always stood by thee ?  
Pardon my hint of perfidy."  
" Pardon it ! Give its darkest hue !

Call it revenge—I'll make it true!"  
His hollow eye fired with his power :  
"How have I longed—how sought this hour !  
Ay ! sought it early—sought it late—  
Lived but for *it* ! Welcome fair fate !  
You wronged me once—St. Victor—once !  
Welcome, revenge ! 'tis mine by chance.  
Yes ! yes ! I swear they shall be thine—  
Bonds, prison, shame to thy proud line."  
St. Victor—beautiful—beloved !  
"I triumph now—I gloat unmoved !"  
What means the old man ?—does he rave ?  
St. Victor—proud, beloved, and brave ?  
This weary, care-worn, world-sick man,  
Worthy such titles—judge who can :  
Shrinking, bending before him now,  
With whitening locks upon his brow.  
Oh, no ! oh, no ! it was not him,  
Before whom life was dark and dim.  
His auditor, who wondering gazed,  
His eyes were to that portrait raised—  
To that bright, smiling youth, his fate  
He gave with deadly scorn and hate.  
"St. Victor ! dost thou mind so long,  
When thou wert gallant, gay, and young,

And I a poor, dependent one  
Who served the father and the son ?  
Your house was prosperous then, in truth—  
The heir a boy—I past my youth.  
I need not say who was that heir,  
So brilliant, dazzling, young, and fair ;  
But ere that youth became of age,  
I was a man in life's 'mid stage.  
But then I loved—my first, pure love—  
So deep—so pure—that nought could move.”  
(His withered hand press'd to his heart)  
“ From this through life 'twill ne'er depart.  
Yes—she was beautiful and good ;  
My life bade fair, and so it should :  
She loved me, too, until you came,  
With youth, and beauty, wealth and fame.  
I need not tell you then, how soon  
The dazzling, young St. Victor won  
That heart with all its wealth of love,  
But which I never more could move.  
Vain all my pleadings—vain each tear  
Poured—vainly poured—on passion's ear,  
Till, scorned by her, at length, one day  
A last appeal I did essay :  
E'en in your presence did I kneel,

And to her honour made appeal,  
And to her faith—her pity, too—  
Her generosity did sue ;  
And, stung to madness by the sight  
Of happiness I could not blight,  
I spoke too boldly then, I know,  
And you resented with a blow ;  
But you were happy, and forgot  
The bitter sorrow of my lot.  
Your young bride died." His stern voice failed ;  
His white lip quivered, his cheek paled ;  
His eyes were dimm'd by bitter tears,  
Proof of the love that lived through years :  
With every better feeling gone,  
His love survived—and that alone ;  
And the poor debtor, too, forgot  
His present dark and heavy lot ;  
The past, with all its happiness—  
Its unimaginable bliss—  
Its woe was there, as keenly plain  
As if he shared it all again.  
" Your young bride died: 'twas well she did,  
While all this misery was hid:  
She died before your love grew cold ;  
She cast away my love untold:



Died in your arms. We met again ;  
My love was strong that could restrain  
Such pride as mine, and bring me there,  
A mourner sunk in deep despair.  
You were subdued ; your hand you gave ;  
You bade our hate rest with the grave.  
I took your hand, and you believed  
That I forgave, but were deceived :  
I but dissembled. Time rolled amain ;  
Your grief was soothed—you loved again—  
(If love it could be that was gone  
Soon as the object was withdrawn).  
Again you married, and became  
Head of your house, your wealth, your name.  
I left you : but before I did,  
I planned your ruin, though 'twas hid ;  
I sowed the seed, and paved the way  
Of all that followed to this day.  
I also married—for wealth's sake ;  
In business placed my all at stake ;  
Toiled hard—was prosperous in each plan—  
I'm in Marseilles the richest man.  
My wife is dead ; she left one son—  
One that I love, and love alone :  
For him—and for this vengeance, too,

I've lived, and worked, and struggled through."  
"And for his sake," St. Victor said,  
"Take not away my children's bread,  
Oh ! if you do not pity me,  
Sure they have never injured thee ;  
Pity my children and my wife,  
If pity mingles with thy life."  
Softness for once stole o'er his eye—  
'Twas in a moment stern and high :  
He answered, " No !—my anguish—shame—  
If unrevenged, is not my blame.  
A life of woe ! No : on the morn  
I'll hold you up to public scorn ;  
To-morrow, and St. Victor's name  
Marseilles shall hear with wondering shame."  
" Ah, Devereux ! forget, I pray  
The hasty act—wipe all away ;  
Think of my confidence long shown—  
The faith I placed in you alone ;  
Think of my father—oh ! you must  
Think of his love—think of his trust ;  
Think how our house, through each long year,  
Has been the highest, wealthiest here :  
How terrible a thing 'twould be,  
Its head arrested, and by thee.

Grant ten days more ; our ship "Volant"  
Brings thousands more than what I want ;  
Spare me as you would be forgiven,  
Or hope for mercy from High Heaven !"  
And the poor debtor knelt, and prayed  
But that his fate might be delayed.  
"Not past the time one single hour—  
One moment—when you're in my power."  
Just then the rising tempest's blast  
Swept fearfully the dwelling past ;  
Moaned sadly through the chimney wide,  
And shook the casement, too, beside.  
The old man sighed—"God grant there be  
No storm to-night—my son's at sea !"  
He turned away, and sought the street,  
Bent to the quay his trembling feet ;  
The pilots, grouped most wistfully,  
Were gazing o'er the darkening sea :  
The old man strained his glazing eye—  
E'en his weak vision could descry  
A dim white speck 'twixt earth and sky.  
'Tis nearer now ; the steady glass  
From hand to hand they quickly pass.  
"'Tis the 'Volant'—good ship and true—  
Ten days before that she was due."

"'Tis a wild night, and few there are  
Would dare to guide her o'er the bar."  
The old man touched the speaker's arm—  
Well did he know whom gold could charm :  
"Wouldst thou be rich at once for life,  
Nor toil for gain with ceaseless strife ?  
Pledge me this one deed shall be done—  
Kept secret—and thy wealth is won.  
'Take charge—run the 'Volant' on shore ;  
Thou shalt have gold a precious store."  
"St. Victor never injured me,  
And ample my reward must be ;  
I will not take one farthing less  
Than half of all that you possess."  
"One-half of what I've toiled to make !  
Had I no son, the whole I'd stake :  
Life has for me no other joy  
Save vengeance and my darling boy.  
You run no risk—know well the coast—  
Can lose her, and no life be lost ;  
Here is the bond—your gold shall be  
Waiting for its delivery."

\* \* \* \*

'Twas midnight, and the old man sate  
As one who might on judgment wait ;

The minute-guns were growing less  
That told a vessel in distress ;  
The pilot entered, dripping, pale—  
No need to tell the welcome tale :  
"The ship is stranded—one life lost."  
A single shade his brow o'er-crost—  
'Tis pity, but such things must be ;  
"Take hence thy gold—it waits on thee."  
The pilot's brow was marked with care.  
"I grieve because the lad was fair."  
Fain would the old man have him go—  
Why did he dwell upon it so ?  
"He was his father's only child."  
The old man started and looked wild :  
"One of the crew ? Or soon or late,  
'Twas sure to come : such was his fate."  
"No ! but a stranger, whom they found  
Upon a wreck—all dead around ;  
And saved to perish sadly here."  
What means the old man's strange, vague fear ?  
Hush ! hush ! what means that noise below,  
Of footsteps hurrying to and fro,  
As if a burden strong men bore,  
With sounds of many voices more.  
"'Tis the dead youth—they bear him here."

Again that sense of shuddering fear.

"Quick! bear him hence!—hence with your gold!

Why linger?—it is truly told."

"Old man, the drowned youth is your son!

Look on his face—your only one!"

Sternly he gazed: no shriek—no sound—

Awoke the stillness so profound;

He peered back the soft, light hair

And looked upon that face so fair.

"It is indeed my son!—my son!

Revenge, how dearly art thou won!"

The old man raised his guilty head,

But reason had for ever fled:

He hurried out—"God grant there be

No storm to-night!—my son's at sea!"

For long, long years he fixed his eye

O'er the blue waves most anxiously,

And whispered still—"God grant there be

No storm to-night!—my son's at sea!"

The "Volant," wedged betwixt two rocks,

Defied till morn the tempest's shocks;

And careful hands conveyed on shore

Silks, gold, and gems, a noble store;

Lightened of all her costly load,

The good ship floated—safely rode;

And the old firm remained for years,  
Still first amid its proud compeers ;  
Nor was St. Victor's lesson lost.  
How much his first rash act had cost—  
The lack of principle that made  
No sacrifice what others paid.  
Humbled, subdued, raised, and refined,  
He sought the weal of all mankind ;  
And in adversity's hard school  
Learned first to mind life's golden rule.

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## NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

'Tis Syria's capital ; and Syria's king,  
Flushed with late conquest, now sits dallying ;  
With his great general fights his battles o'er,  
And proudly counts on victories in store ;  
Looks round the splendid halls, and sees with pride  
That art and nature have together vied  
To place him—second to himself alone—  
And equal in all else except the throne.  
The king has gone ; the great man sinks again  
Back on the silken couch where he had lain :

Soft falls the sunlight through the clustering leaves  
 Of fondling vine which round that palace cleaves.  
 How lulling Albana's murmuring sound,  
 Steals like soft music on the stillness round,  
 Whilst distant Pharpar, as it rolls along,  
 Adds its deep notes unto the soothing song !  
 Sweet through the open lattice comes the breath  
 Of flowers that yield their perfume e'en in death !  
 How feels the great man ? Fancy wings no higher ;  
 Nature and art anticipate desire.  
 How feels he ? Ghastly shadows sadly sweep  
 O'er brow and eye that seem unused to weep—  
 Shadows from suffering that no tears have power  
 To lull to rest e'en for a single hour :  
 'Tis Naaman the leper—envied not  
 By humblest citizen for his proud lot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another chamber !—if the last were fair,  
 Beauty almost exceeded beauty there :  
 The costliest draperies that had ever been  
 Woven in the loom of skilful Damascene,  
 Were festooned by soft wreaths of living flowers,  
 Whose secret odours rose from founts in showers.  
 There sat the leper's wife ; most wondrous fair  
 Fell round her masses of bright waving hair ;



And skilfully its ringlets wreath and braid  
The slender fingers of a Hebrew maid—  
A little captive, whom a Syrian band  
Had led away from her beloved land:  
And though the Syrian matron loved her well,  
Still mingled with the perfumed drops there fell  
Bright pearly tears, which would not keep their cell.  
A moment, and her trembling fingers swept  
From her paled cheek the tokens that she wept ;  
And one might judge where her sad thoughts had been,  
By the sweet, simple words that intervene :  
“Would—God—my lord—Samaria’s prophet found!  
Surely he’d make the leper whole and sound.”  
And to her lord the matron’s story said,  
That thus and thus spake Israel’s little maid.  
We know the rest—how the proud leper went,  
Charged with the mandate which Benhadad sent.  
We hear poor Israel’s king, the weak and frail,  
Rending his clothes and making piteous wail,  
Until the prophet bade him send and see  
That still the mighty power of God had he.  
We mark the pawing horses chafing stand,  
To wait the humble prophet’s healing hand,  
And see the anger in that dark eye speak  
That fails, from sad disease, to flush the cheek,

When but an humble messenger is seen  
 To bid him dip in Jordan and be clean :  
 No wonder that Damascus met his view,  
 With its two rivers swelling dark and blue.  
 This Jordan—how could ere the prophet dare  
 With Pharpar and Abana to compare ?  
 He turned away again—his servants plead:  
 How small the act required !—how great his need !

\* \* \* \* \*

And when the leper laves and is made whole,  
 And humbly turns to Israel's God his soul,  
 May we not hope that He who bore the earth,  
 Back to his home from where the maid had birth,  
 As something sacred, bore her also back,  
 To trace her unforgotten childhood's track—  
 A faint return for all the good that she  
 Conferred upon him by her sympathy.

Scripture is silent ; but we love to trace,  
 From our kind Father's dealings to our race ;  
 We love to sketch the little Jewish maid,  
 Borne captive whence in infancy she played.  
 We love to see her, in maturer years,  
 Tell to a loving group past hopes and fears ;  
 And at life's close we love to see her stand,  
 Stretched out in welcome to a Better Land.

## TO A DEAR ONE, THREE YEARS OLD.

DEAR bud of Life's sweet spring-time !  
Stretch out thine arms to greet  
The dews, the breeze, the sunshine,  
That makes thy morn so sweet.

Let thy full heart, rejoicing,  
Grasp all the wealth of love  
That falls unceasing round thee,  
Like sun-showers from above.

May all thy life be blessed  
As is thy babyhood,  
And may thy name be known among  
Earth's beautiful and good !

And when life's twilight darkens,  
And night's dim shadows fall,  
May heaven be thine for ever,  
And God thy all in all !



MOSES ON THE MOUNT—THE GREAT  
REQUEST.

LEVITE, and Leader, and Lawgiver, up !  
Great man with the passionless brow !  
Thou hast asked for a boon, unheard of on earth,  
And I AM thy request doth allow :  
Forth from the camp, ere the morning hath swept  
Night's cloud-curtains from Sinai's stern face ;  
No brother, no elder, to go with thee now,  
The world must remain at its base.  
Up ere the morning hath beamed on the mist  
That's floating o'er Elim's dark wave ;  
The Power and the Presence shall go with thee still  
From darkness and danger to save ;  
Unfeared, and unnoticed, the leopard and wolf  
Sprang past o'er the wild, deep ravine ;  
And, uncared for in wrath, on the lawgiver's path,  
The lion's red eyeballs were seen.

Sinai's summit is gained ere the rock-flowers have given  
To the morning the dews of the night ;  
And faintly the crimson streaks blend with the grey,  
And herald the advent of light.

How meekly he stands by the cleft of the rock,  
Where he knows the Shekinah will rest,  
With nerves all unshaken—with dark eye undimmed—  
And heavenly calm in his breast !  
He has communed with God—he has wrestled, and  
striven,  
When his people have erred and strayed ;  
And though his meek soul was grieved so that he  
sinned,  
Yet still he has pleaded and prayed:  
Has prayed, with the holiest patriot love,  
“ If thou can’st not forgive them, then blot  
My name from thy book, though already I know  
That the Promised Land I enter not.”

Moses, what hast thou asked for ?—the glory of God  
To be seen by thy frail human ken !  
Know’st thou not that the mortal immortal must be,  
Ere such vision is witnessed by men ?  
Unprepared for the sight, thine eye would be dim,  
And thine ear would be deaf to the sound ;  
And the glory would crush thee, till only in death  
Thy request now preferred would be found.  
But Jehovah hath heard, and thee promised to hide  
In the cleft of the rock that is there,

And to graciously make of His glory to pass  
What He knows thou art able to bear.  
The cloud that hath lingered o'er Elim's dark gulf  
Hath been raised by the might of His hand,  
And condenses and veils all the cleft of the rock  
Where His servant has stood at command.

How passes Jehovah? In might and in strength,  
With the terrors of judgment and law—  
Proclaiming His holiness, glory, and power,  
While Moses is shrinking in awe?  
Oh! worthy of love in its loveliest form!  
Self-proclaimed are His mercy and grace—  
His long-suff'ring abundance of goodness and truth,  
His forgiveness and love for our race.  
We bless Him—we bless Him for the glory withheld,  
Which He knows us unable to bear;  
And we praise Him for all that His goodness revealed  
That hath made us a part of His care.  
Oh! who, though the way might be rugged and wild,  
Would not willingly climb up the mount,  
When assured that his God would give him at length  
All His goodness and love to recount?

No wonder that Moses had power to plead,  
That he lived on the foretaste of heaven—

That he lingered in love and was loth to depart,  
Where his Lord such a blessing had given !  
No hung'ring for manna—no thirsting to drink  
Of the water so grateful below ;  
No mem'ries of earth—of its sorrow or mirth,  
O'er his spirit had power to flow :  
Forgotten all self—forgotten so far  
That, though wist not reflected, there shone  
Such a light from his face that the people in awe  
Beheld there a glory unknown.  
And he marvelled no more, when they feared to behold,  
Unveiled what he caught through the cloud—  
That Jehovah in tenderness, goodness, and love,  
His glory and brightness should shroud.

---

WHAT I WOULD NOT.

I WOULD not move a leaf or flower  
By love or friendship placed,  
E'en though its perfume, hue, and form  
Were utterly defaced.

I would not deem a castle fair,  
Built where a cot had stood,

If childhood's memories mingled there  
The beautiful and good.

I would not give a face beloved  
More glowing lip or cheek ;  
I would not loose from raven locks  
A single silvery streak.

I would not praise the painter's skill  
Who well could hide a scar  
In the loved likeness of a friend,  
Dreading its grace to mar.

Let life be true—no false shade owned,  
E'en though it look less fair ;  
For nature's loss art ne'er atoned,  
Though costlier and more rare.

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CHILDHOOD.

Would you rob the flowers of their scented breath ?  
Would you crush the butterfly in death ?  
Would you dim the rainbow's hues of light,  
Or steal the stars from the brow of night ?



Strike down the lark while its swelling throat  
Is gushing forth its rich, wild note ?  
Then check not a child in its hour of joy,  
Let its pleasure be without alloy ;  
The Koh-i-noor would not recompense me  
If I checked one burst of childish glee—  
If my footstep a shadow of sadness cast  
O'er a child's bright face, as through life I passed:  
If I heard the merry laughter stayed—  
If by chance I wandered where children played—  
If uncalled-for harshness should ever throw  
Into their cup one drop of woe.  
Oh ! nothing to me so sad appears  
As childhood moved unto grief and tears;  
Say not they're soon gone, for well I know  
How very bitter is childish woe ;  
Let them quaff full draughts of innocent pleasure,  
The world too soon will embitter its measure.

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BY THE RIVER.

How sweet is solitude !—beside a brook  
To sit at glowing noon, with some old book,  
Beneath the shade of green, o'erarching trees  
Where e'en the quivering aspen is at ease !

I would not have old fort or castle nigh—  
It were not solitude if these were by ;  
For we might conjure up a warrior-train,  
And the array of armed hosts again ;  
And then, it were no longer solitude,  
For who could feel alone where warriors stood ?

No, but the spot I love should be away  
In old, untrodden woods—no poet's lay  
Or painter's skill to charm the ear and eye  
With bright descriptions of its scenery.  
'Twere vain to say I had no spot in view,  
Where bright wild-flowers bend to the waters blue,  
And everywhere the eye is met around  
With waving trees, or shrubs in shades profound ;  
And you may read, nor ever dread to hear  
A sound of human being straying near.  
You hear a dead leaf dropping from a tree,  
Or catch the music of a lonely bee ;  
You watch the shadows moving o'er the stream,  
Bright, ever and anon, with some stray beam  
Of sparkling sunlight through the woodland shade,  
Till book and vision indistinctly fade,  
And, lost in labyrinths of luxurious ease,  
You scarce can tell which most your senses please.  
As distant music from a numerous band

Comes softly mellowed—none seems to command—  
And, all intent, the ear drinks in the strain,  
And trembles lest the notes be lost again—  
So seems this little hallowed spot to me,  
Akin to distance-softened melody.  
Say, what makes solitude so doubly dear ?  
The knowledge that we seldom meet it here :  
Oh ! after three hours spent by such a brook,  
In such a noontide and with such a book—  
With such entrancing dreams of things ideal—  
What feelings have we greeting things life real !  
With double zest we turn to home again—  
With double pleasure track life's maze amain ;  
Call childhood's pleasures sweeter, holier far  
Than brightest dreams unreal ever are ;  
For man was never formed by God to be  
A useless cumberer on land or sea :  
Nothing that lives but has its course to fill,  
And moves obedient to its Maker's will.  
Then why should man, endowed with sovereign sway,  
Forget his glorious goal and lose his way—  
He whose chief aim should be to do and find  
Good to himself and blessing to mankind ?

## THE MUSIC OF SPRING.

HUSH, hush, eve's zephyrs !—let me hear again  
The soft, sweet notes of that melodious strain !

'Tis the song of the bird on the evening's breeze,  
The bursting buds on a thousand trees—  
The dewdrop's fall on the springing grass,  
And the closing cups as the sunbeams pass ;  
And the bright-winged insect from flower to flower,  
Sporting its brief but sunny hour ;  
The gentle moon sheds a milder ray,  
And mingles her beams with departing day ;  
Sky and earth glow in ruby and emerald dye,  
Whilst the daylight and moonlight struggling vie.

Oh ! sweet is a dewy eve in Spring,  
When the beetle wheels on the booming wing,  
And the vesper bell from the old grey tower  
Comes solemnly, too, at that still hour,  
With the surf's rebound from the rocky shore,  
And the measured dip of the well-timed oar ;  
The streamlet, freed from its icy chain,  
And bounding in joy o'er its bed again ;

Those sounds are commingling all in one,  
With a soothing power, o'er the spirit's tone,  
And dream-like visions of things most fair—  
Fancy's bright castles, formed of air.

Thou art come, fair Spring! At thy gleesome tread,  
Winter afar from the earth hath fled :  
Thou art sweet'ning the air with thy scented breath,  
But to some thou art bearing the hue of death ;  
Thou art tinging their cheek with a brighter bloom,  
To render still darker the coming gloom ;  
Thou art kindling their eyes with a radiant light,  
Soon to be quenched in the grave's long night.  
'Tis hard to think that 'neath garb so fair,  
Disease may lurk like a hidden snare,  
Yet Hope still points to a world on high,  
Where the buds of earth shall bloom in the sky,  
As the germ lies buried from which will spring  
The fairest flowers our earth can bring.

Hence, Fancy ! and reserve for Autumn's blast  
The sombre shadows of the gloomy past !

MARIAN.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

—MRS. HEWANS.

YES, leaves will fall as Autumn's blasts sweep by,  
And bright young flowers will droop their heads and  
die;

Yet this is right—they had their time to fade ;  
They bloomed their day, then withered and decayed.  
But thou, fair girl—thy life was scarce begun :  
Oh ! who could think thy sand so nearly run ?  
The young—the beautiful—for such wert thou,  
With life, and love, upon thy lip and brow ;  
Thy graceful form—the soft glow on thy cheek—  
Ah ! dread Disease, why still the loveliest seek ?  
Why wilt thou kindle brighter still that eye,  
So softly blue, like the pure midnight sky ?  
The sunny curls, so formed for life and grace—  
The deep affection time could ne'er erase.  
And is all severed—passed away from earth—  
Her loveliness, her gentleness, and mirth ?  
And will the world look not less gay or fair—  
Less joyous, than if she were dwelling there ?

'Tis well for her, we know ; 'tis better far ;  
O'er death triumphant, nought her peace can mar :  
She sleeps at length, released from grief and pain ;  
What kindred soul would wish here to detain—  
A young, pure spirit, panting to be free—  
To burst the bonds of dark mortality ?  
'Tis meet and right affection's tears be shed ;  
Nature demands them for the early dead :  
Yes, strew her grave with Spring's bright, dewy flowers ;  
But mourn not that she left this world of ours.

---

OLIVIA.

" Her's was the loveliness in death  
That parts not quite with parting breath,  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb."

—BYRON.

SHE seemed a being not of this sad earth ;  
For though she knew full well that she was dying,  
It never cast a shadow o'er her mirth,  
And those who loved her seldom heard her sighing.  
  
Her step was lightest in the mazy ring ;  
She laughed as gaily as the gayest there :  
It seemed that even sorrow failed to fling  
A shadow o'er a brow so young and fair.

Could she be dying? Seldom the night air  
Had tossed her golden curls, for well she knew  
That of her kindred, all like her most fair  
Had perished from the glad earth like the dew.

It scarce could be called hectic, on her cheek  
The rose's hue so softly blended seemed  
The glow of health—no bright, impulsive streak;  
Her eye with no unearthly lustre beamed.

And those who saw her on her bridal morn,  
With youth, and love, and hope before her sight,  
Ne'er deemed so fair a rose concealed a thorn,  
Or day so glorious set so soon in night.

Methinks I see the young bride leave her home—  
The home of all her girlish hopes and fears—  
Sketching the world a bright and sun-lit dome;  
Shutting her eyes on all its tombs and tears.

Young beings, loving, beautiful, and good,  
Weep no vain drops—laugh through earth's transient  
strife:  
She loved the butterfly, and well she should—  
'Twas a meet emblem of her own short life.



The Summer was their own—its balmy breath  
And glowing flowers but veathed a brighter chain :  
Voiceless consumption—sure herald still of death !  
Can love nor pity ne'er thy steps detain ?

Vain all our prayers and tears : with Autumn's blast—  
With flower, and leaf, and bird—the young bride dies ;  
Just casts one lingering glance upon the past,  
Then turns to heaven for strength that death defies.

Calmly she slept !—nor lip, nor cheek, nor brow  
Betrayed one trace of suffering or of care :  
Lovely in life—lovelier in death wert thou—  
Among the fairest, ever deemed most fair.

They did not lay thee with thy kindred dust,  
For he who loved thee asked to deck thy tomb  
With fitting flowers, in token of his trust  
To meet thee where eternal flow'rets bloom.

Farewell, OLIVIA !—painless as a dream  
Should be the thought of thy eternal gain ;  
And treasured memories of thee still should seem  
Remembrancers of what we shall attain.

SOLUTION TO M'COMB'S PRIZE ENIGMA  
FOR 1855.

"WAR AND PEACE."

WE know thy spirit, mighty WAR!  
Thy bended bow and glistening shield:  
Hark to the clarion's note afar,  
As drawn by fiery steeds thy car,  
When charging squadrons take the field,  
And banners woo the winds of heaven,  
As if to it war-vows were given!

Onward the serried columns come,  
O'er flowery mead and wandering stream;  
Reflection's drowned by trump and drum;  
Faded the visions of his home  
That bless'd last eve the soldier's dream;  
Whilst Death in many a frightful form  
Frowns o'er the wreck of battle's storm.

"War to the knife!" the white man cried,  
Until the last Red Indian fell;  
And Terra Nova's forests wide  
Echoed his war-whoop as he died.

Brave—generous—how, we blush to tell !  
Our pine-fringed lakes, and mountains grand,  
That perished race claimed as their land.

The other spirit—mild—benign—  
Sweet, gentle PEACE, with dove-like eye,  
Around whose brow the olives twine—  
Spirit of origin divine,  
That ever loves to linger by,  
With angel fingers dropping balm,  
Wars wounds to heal, and fears to calm.

Love's guardian, Peace ! beneath thy sway  
The rustic hamlet sleeps serene ;  
With patient hand, from day to day,  
Art at thy feet his spoils shall lay,  
While Joy and Plenty bless the scene ;  
The verdant hill—the corn-clad plain—  
Nature and man—confess thy reign.

Before thee, War, an Eden bloomed ;  
Behind 'twas all an arid waste ;  
Where'er thy power its sway assumed,  
Earth's fairest things, to ruin doomed,  
Were trampled in thy fiery haste ;

And famine, pestilence, and fear,  
In dread array, brought up the reer.

Woe to the lands if dark-brow'd War  
Went forth at his wild will alone!  
The dearest, holiest things that are,  
Shattered beneath his furious car,  
Must perish—altar, hearth, and throne;  
But ever, where hath fallen his brand,  
Peace sheaths it with an angel's hand.

Oh! hasten, glorious day foretold,  
When Peace o'er all the lands shall reign;  
When wolf and lamb, within one fold—  
Lion, kid, leopard—foes of old—  
An infant's tender hand shall train;  
When war, and woe, and crime shall cease,  
And earth submit to gentle PEACE!

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SOLUTION TO M'COMB'S PRIZE ENIGMA
FOR 1857.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

HUSH! where the moonlight's sleeping,
And the stars bright watch are keeping—

Where the wounded and the dying,
Struck by plague or sword, are lying—
Where many a tear is shed
O'er England's glorious dead—
Rises up thy well-veiled vision,
Bent upon an angel's mission.
By Scutari's walls vine-covered,
O'er those sick and dying hovered
That angel form by day and night—
A blessed source of life and light ;
And many a parched lip murmured low
The name that soothed a thousand's woe ;
That name, like spell that lulled to rest
The storms that swept the Euxine's breast ;
That name which hallowed hill and vale—
Thy loved name—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Noiselessly as the twilight creeping,
By the sick her vigils keeping,
What marvel that her shadow sent
A thrill of joy where'er it went ?
That stern men pressed upon the wall
Their lips where'er they saw it fall ?
Was it for sound of empty fame—
Was it for wealth or titled name—

That gentle woman journeyed here,
To scenes of sorrow fraught with fear !
Come, seek with me her English home,
Across the dark sea's flashing foam ;
Flowers the sweetest strew'd her way ;
Love the holiest lured her stay ;
Wealth a more than usual dower :
An ancient name—a lordly tower :
All these were hers—with joys to spare
That rarely fall to mortals' share.
Nought save the purest, holiest love,
Such as the angels feel above,
When minist'ring to mortals' woe,
At heaven's behest, in scenes below,
Could move to deeds so high and holy ;
Love, thine the merit, and thine solely.

Ah ! I tremble, while I sing,
For the sweep of angel's wing,
That I fitly might rehearse
Theme so high in fitting verse :
Not that lofty verse would tell
A hero's praises while he fell ;
Not that verse, of strange, deep sound,
Veiling in mystery words profound :

Not for these I woo the Muse ;
But, if I dared, I fain would choose
Words like music, soft and low
As a cradle-hymn we know ;
Words like songs to much-loved flowers,
That bless'd our childhood's happy hours,
From memory sung, by one whose eyes
Might look no more on flowers or skies.
All vain my wish, and vague the fear
With which I greet thee, hoary seer ;
I feel how feeble is my Muse
To clothe the noble theme you choose.
But should you deem my offering meet
To strew like flowers beneath her feet,
And' worthier hand than mine shall wreath
Bright "words that burn" from "thoughts that
breathe,"
I will not grieve, e'en though I fail
To crown dear FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

TO MARIAN.

I WANT a pretty picture,
For this pretty little book,

And I will give you, sister dear,
An old familiar nook,
Untouched by artist's pencil—
Untold by poet's pen ;
And yet, a lovelier spot of earth
Has never met my ken.
I'll give it thee from memory :
Where rolls the Atlantic wave,
A soft, green path led round the rock
To a high mountain cave :
A lofty entrance, overhung
With creeping, trailing flowers,
That caught the earliest morning sun,
Untouched by dews or showers.
Their pale green leaves, from countless springs
Received their life's supply,
And clasped the rocks rude columns round,
Festooned most gracefully.
Bright birds, that filled the air with song,
Nestled within its shade,
And from its inmost sparkling fount,
Their noontide thirst allayed.
Around its portals feathery fern,
Tossed as by art aside,
Disclosed the hidden violets' bed—

Nought could their fragrance hide.
Forth from its pale, crimped leaves of green
The gentle primrose smiled ;
And daisies like a carpet spread—
Though trodden, undefiled.
The hyacinths fair, fragile stem,
With bells of matchless hue,
Rose up o'er all, then humbly bent,
And spread its petals blue;
Whilst fitfully, on soft breeze borne,
The sea-pinks breath would come,
As if 'twas kept awhile from us
By ocean's flashing foam.

* * * * *
Hast thou it now ? Needs it a name ?
Oh ! say 'tis truly drawn ;
'Tis linked with childhood's happiest hours,
Remembered though long gone:
And every joyous group met there
Is present with me now,
Though time has silvered many a hair,
And death damped many a brow.
But one loved friend still makes the place
An oft-sought, treasured spot :
O Mary ! while you seek it still,
How can it be forgot ?

"IF THIS BE DEATH, OH, HOW SWEET."

SWEET to lay down the weary load,
And soar away to heaven,
And know his Father, and his God
Had all his sins forgiven.

Sweet to believe that Father's love
Withheld no promised good,
That all he prized should meet above,
Where death can ne'er intrude.

Christian assurance ! death, how sweet
To those by death bereft !
O Father ! make for heaven meet
Those who on earth are left !

Most humbly may we see thy hand,
Most humbly kiss the rod;
And gird us for the Better Land,
Our Father and our God !

SUGGESTED BY READING THE LATE REV.
R. A. CHESLEY'S "REFLECTIONS ON THE
DUTIES OF A MINISTER."

How it thrills to our hearts, like the accents of love
That so soothingly fell on our ear !
When, himself all unseen, and his Master all felt,
We said "It is good to be here."
O Chesley the sainted ! if men such as thou,
Should'st shrink from the office in dread—
The faithful, the earnest, the loving, the true—
Who may stand 'twixt the quick and the dead ?
Thou who seemed'st as if still like one favoured of old,
To be leaning in love on thy Lord ;
And each word, look, and act told the hallowing repose
That such blessed support could afford.
A halo was round thee—the halo of love,
Caught from contact with Jesus was thine ;
And we owned that no other to us had been given
So like to Saint John the Divine.

How humble !—how gentle !—how little of self !
Not a word of his office was there ;
And yet how 'twas honoured !—hear his solemn appeal,
And his eloquent pleading in prayer.

'Twas easily seen he had counted the cost,
And performed all the vows he had made;
And his gifts, and his graces of body and mind,
On God's altar were cheerfully laid.
We miss him—we miss him—though short was his stay,
Yet who had not felt of his love ?
Where was widow, or orphan, or woe-worn or sick,
Who did not his sympathy prove ?
And his mem'ry comes back in the lives he has left ;
His calm brow and his great heart we see,
With his yearning for souls, and his fears, and his hopes,
Lest in vain his high mission should be.
And hallowing, and sweet are the memories that cling
Round our hearts of that mission while here;
Long years must elapse ere his name may be heard,
And the tribute not paid of a tear.
Remembered in love will that name be for aye,
And cherished, and honoured, and bless'd,
Far more than if warrior or monarch lay there,
Is the spot where we laid him to rest.
We joy that his palm and his crown have been won—
That his suffering and sorrow are o'er;
That his Master hath said, "Faithful servant; well done!"
And hid by a brightness exceeding the sun,
Mortal vision may trace him no more.

TO MRS. K., ON THE DEATH OF SANDY.

THOU'EST sleeping sweetly, happy child,
Where rest is pure enjoyment,
Away with the blest—the undefiled—
Where praise is thy sweet employment :
On earth thou wert joyous and free from care—
More formed, loved child, for praise than prayer.

There was something too fair in thy radiant face
For our world of sin and sorrow ;
In each little winning, artless grace,
Which childhood alone can borrow :
In the laughing tones of thy lisping voice,
Which made so many hearts rejoice.

I see thee lean on my knee, dear boy :
While I told thee some simple tale ;
I see thy bright eyes beam with joy,
Or thy cheek turn deadly pale ;
As gladsome or sad, the theme might be,
That touched thy young heart thrillingly.

I heard thee sing of “The Happy Land,”
As a land that was “far away ;”

Oh ! little I thought, 'mid that joyous band,
So short would be thy stay :
So much of sunshine was round thee thrown,
It seemed as if gladness was all thine own.

And so it was ! Mother, the sorrow is thine ;
Thy child is among the blest ;
Oh ! look up for strength, and do not repine,
For thy Father's will is the best ;
Though well I know, that thy bitter woe
Can never be grief of long ago.

Oh, never !—each trifle will still be there,
To remind thee of all he loved ;
And your burdened memory back will bear
His form through each spot where he roved ;
And his tiny hand will still clasp thine,
And his love-bright eyes still upon thee shine.

Yet, mother, dry those bitter tears ;
Give thanks to thy Father, his weeping is o'er :
His life is measured not now by years ;
His sun has risen, to set no more.
In a few short years his home will be thine ;
Then prepare to meet him, and cease to repine.

"TANY."

AY, seek it in its resting-place, the flow'r thou lovest
best,
And place old Scotia's daisy down upon thy "Tany's"
breast ;
A holier and a lovelier spot than 'mid its old green
woods,
Where ne'er upon its solitude the voice of love in-
trudes :
And it shall be a living pledge, to watch when thou
art gone,
And tell of love more lovingly than ever sculptured
stone.

Meet spot ! for 'tis where calmly sleeps thy early loved
and lost,
Though what thy Father hath recall'd was but a sacred
trust ;
And couldst thou grieve that He should take, unsoil'd
by sin or care,
Thy bud of promise, though to thee it was exceeding
fair ?

An amaranthine memory his—till life shall cease with
thee,
A dream of childish love and grace thy "Tany" still
will be.

O blessed are the early dead ! What though we mourn
their loss ?
We would not chide the love that gave their crown
without a cross ;
And when thy heart is lonely, and thou seest a vacant
chair,
Oh ! lift thine eye of faith to heaven, and see thy
"Tany" there ;
And bless the loving-kindness of thy Father and thy
God,
That he can never, never pass, like thee, beneath the
rod.

FAREWELL TO THE REV. E. B.

FAREWELL !—sad word—sin's first reward,
Borne past Eden's flaming guard,
By our first parents, to the bow'rs
Where pleasure winged life's fleeting hours,

Ere pleasure was a fleeting thing,
Or life had felt its conqueror's sting:
Meet origin for words that sever
True, faithful friends, on earth for ever!

Farewell!—thou hast not failed to keep
Most faithfully thy Master's sheep—
Gently thou His lambs hast led,
And with choicest portions fed ;
Blending for thy people's weal,
Gentleness with holy zeal :
Ardent in thy Father's cause,
Honouring all His works and laws.

Farewell!—our selfish hearts repine
For a loss that is not thine :
Where thy Father pointeth thee,
There thy happiest sphere will be.
Go! and God be evermore
With thee as in days of yore!
Give thee double zeal and meekness—
Strengthen thee in hours of weakness.

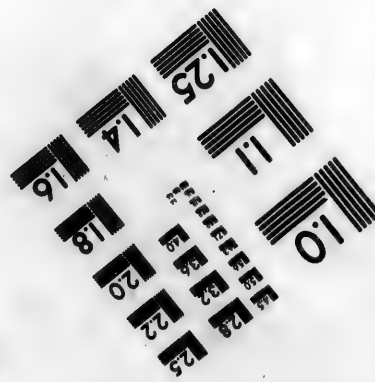
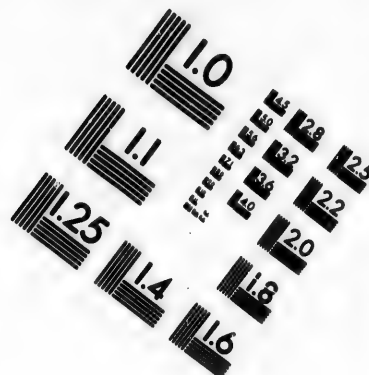
Farewell!—'tis past—we murmur not,
Though thou may'st not be forgot ;

Though no more our songs of praise
We on earth together raise ;
Though thy counsel, and thy care
We no more may ever share ;
Yet, for years of bygone good
Father, give us gratitude.

Farewell !—our God, by sea—by shore—
Bless and preserve thee, evermore ;
Make thy charge His special care ;
Guide and guard them everywhere ;
Be thy light in darkest hours,
Strew thy path with living flowers ;
With His choicest blessings bless,
Like rivers in life's wilderness.

Farewell, till we surround the throne,
Where "farewell" is a sound unknown ;
(Sad sound ! the only one that closes
Earth's paths of thorns, or bow'rs of roses.)
Oh ! may thy final farewell be
To death, and sin, and misery ;
Lost not, like our farewell, in sighs,
But drowned in music of the skies !





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"MAIDEN FANCIES."

ON A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

IN sooth, they must be pleasant
By the calmness of thy face—
By thy mild and gentle seeming—
By thy sweet, unstudied grace—

Telling of a life most peaceful,
Far above wild passion's power ;
For it fails to fling a shadow
O'er thy passing dreamy hour.

Castle-building art thou, maiden ?
Forming idols out of air ?
Such are ever maiden fancies—
Of all such I say—Beware !

Prize the present—love the real—
Lest thine airy nothings be
Proved through life a vain ideal—
Only seeming—ne'er to be !

THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Who dares to sing of him who sang
Old "Caledonia's" praise so high ?
O'er "Aberfelde's" banks it rang,
Whilst "Bonnie Doon" gave back reply
And "Ayr's twa brigs" sang sweet and clear,
A lay that shall be ever dear.

Who dares to sing of him who made
"Kirk Alloway" a classic spot—
To "Ballochmyle" a tribute paid,
In language ne'er to be forgot;
And by his magic pen could screen
Wild braes and glens with evergreen ?

Sing low ! and let the sweet words be
His song to his own "Highland Mary ;"
All gone his fun and social glee—
His tripping measure, light and airy ;
And sorrow, love, and feeling raise
Above the cold world's blame or praise.

Again, where, spurning scenes of earth,
The poor 'reft bardie turns to heaven,
And plaintive sings of bygone mirth—

Of pleasure from his heart now driven—
Recounts, as if the loved could hear,
And join in scenes that once were dear.

Hark ! pealing loud and high, there comes,
From clanging troops to battle led,
More stirring far than sound of drums,
His "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."
No lay most eloquent could tell
His genius and his fame so well.

Where Afric's lustrous moonbeams shine
Through shades of graceful waving palm,
Dear Moffat sings his "Auld Lang Syne,"
Refreshing as breeze-laden balm.
Oh ! what save genius could have sung
A lay so dear to old and young !

Hail, Genius ! hail !—we bless the power
Could paint the "Cottar's Sabbath Eve,"
Could mourn the "crimson-tippit flower,"
And o'er thy "cowering mousie" grieve ;
Poor "Maillie's" death so sadly wail,
And tell so well the "Twa Dogs' Tale."

His was true genius, though by times
It stoop'd to gild the meanest themes :
True genius humblest things sublimes,
And revels in the wildest dreams.
He was all genius—e'en his fate—
Oh, sad !—to Burns fame came too late:

Yet it has come, and thousands more
Are met to-night, at home—afar—
To place his name where stood of yore
A patron saint, as Scotia's star—
Be BURNS' genius and his fame
Henceforth a tutelary name !

FUNDS FOR CHURCH BUILDING.

COME, whoe'er would build a temple
To a high and holy name,
Emulate his zeal who razed one,
Perishing for earthly fame !
Though your offering be as lowly
As the widow's humble mite,
He who looks to motive solely
Says 'tis precious in His sight.

FAREWELL TO MRS. M'B.

GOD shield thee, lady !—should the tempests rave
In anger round thee on the tameless wave,
Speak with the voice that stilled before its wrath
Spread His right arm protecting o'er thy path ;
With thee as with His favoured people stay—
A light by night—a pillar'd cloud by day ;
Make rough ways smooth, earth's choicest blessings shed
In rich abundance daily on thy head ;
For all thy gentleness and sympathy
May God in tenderest love remember thee !
How much we'll miss thee it were vain to say ;
Sunshine came with thee to the grave or gay ;
Thy soul rose far above earth's petty pride ;
Benevolence with thee walked side by side ;
Sorrow or suffering, with thee still would plead,
Nor haughty look e'er marr'd thy gen'rous deed.
Hence, every selfish wish would keep thee here,
Formed to adorn a higher, wider sphere ;
Humbly we bow, and check the starting tear.
Farewell, dear lady ! Should thy thoughts e'er roam
(As mine oft do) back to thy childhood's home ;
May thy bright present charm the past away,

Or gild its dark clouds with its sunny ray !
I said I would not write thee one word sad,
But suit my rhyme to measure light and glad.
In vain I've tried ! With me there seems to dwell
A plaintive murmur in the word "farewell,"
Which never can be breathed without a sigh,
Nor written, but a tear will drop close by.
Blest above all our earthly bliss must be
Heaven's bright re-union for eternity,
Where not one farewell sound can ever come,
'Mid all the millions in that happy home.
Well may we call this life a sad farewell,
And turn, on changeless scenes awhile to dwell:
Oh ! may we meet there, when earth's wand'rings past,
We'll breathe the farewell which must be our last !

SONGS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

WRITTEN IN CHILDHOOD.

I.

EVENING's breeze is softly sighing
O'er the ocean's placid breast ;
Calm and still our frigate's lying—
Not a wave disturbs her rest:

Beats there a heart within our sphere
That would not thrill with rapture here !

See, the Scottish hills, enshrouded
In the twilight's softening veil ;
See, the rising moon, half-clouded
Sheds her light o'er hill and dale ;
Whilst like a mirror ocean flings
Back a thousand glittering things !

May not some captive's heart be bursting
At these distant views of home,
Like a weary traveller thirsting,
Vowing ne'er again to roam ?
Noble minds by heaven were given :
Let the captive's chains be riven !

II.

NORMANDALE'S SONG.

THERE is grandeur in the deep,
As its dark, wild waves burst free ;
There is music in the sweep
Of the hurricane to me ;
There is grandeur in its tone,
As it booms along the shore,

Like the cannon's mighty roar,
Till earth echo's back once more
Its low moan !

The mind which conflict's hour
Haply heated overmuch,
Soonest sinks beneath the power
Of pity's softening touch,
And o'er the ocean's foam,
With eyes bedimmed with tears,
He reviews the bygone years,
Till in fancy now he hears
Sounds of home :

And a mother's form appears,
All beautiful and bright ;
Time hath not with clouds and tears
Dimm'd her dark eyes' lustrous light :
They shine like stars above,
As kindly, soft and mild
As when, a wayward child,
They led me through the wild
By their love.

Whilst the winds of heaven are free—
While the waters spurn control—

Can man to man e'er be
A prisoner in his soul ?
No ! by fair and brave, not yet !
Could I gaze on eyes so bright—
On warriors armed for fight—
On the feast I've met to-night—
And forget !

III.

ALLAN'S SONG.

'Tis he !—'tis our chief, with his dark glancing eye ;
His bugle ne'er sounds but the victory's sure :
'Tis the high race of Stuart—proclaim it on high !
'Tis Normandale's heir—may his name still endure !

But not of his rank or his beauty we boast ;
Though he's proud as the eagle, he's mild as the lamb :
He is second to none round our stern Scottish coast :
Once more — and more loudly — shout back his lov'd
name !

There it bursts, bold and free as our own glorious
main !

I know the wild swelling—the voice of our clan !
And the dash of their oars : there ! I hear it again ;
And I know that each oar, too, is plied by a man.

Row on !—they are here—they are brave hearts and
true ;

Long live our young head, whom no danger appals !
Smile on, gentle maid*—hearts are throbbing for you ;
And may beauty and love light our brave chieftain's
halls.

IV.

EDWARD BRUCE'S SONG.

'Tis love, 'tis love, young Normandale,
That makes your manly cheek so pale ;
I need not ask the reason why—
'Tis love that makes thee start and sigh.

Some siren strain has stolen thy heart—
Love—burning love— all else apart !
Thou wert not wont, young chief, to lie
Gazing afar with vacant eye.

Ah ! woe is me !—the day is gone
When thy guitar and wild harp won,
Their double worth of smiles and tears
From young, light hearts, and men of years.

* Flora Macdonald.

Sure no fair maid of this lone isle
Could all at once thy cares beguile:
Ah, no ! the smile was ne'er so gay
Since last thou bent from us thy way.

Has some fair Southern lady thrown
Her witching spell o'er thee alone ?
If so, I swear she shall be thine
Before another moon decline !

V.

NOREEN'S MOTHER'S SONG.

O NOREEN, mavourneen ! sweet child of my heart !
Darling Noreen, acushla ! I find we must part :
May the ocean be calm—may the winds still be true—
And thou happy, my darling !—ochone wirasthrue !

I know they'll watch o'er thee, my fair-haired girleen,
As thy mother would watch o'er her gentle Noreen ;
And thy brothers are with thee, acushla machree :
Thou wilt watch her brave sons as I have watched thee.

Noreen, pride of my heart ! Noreen, light of my eyes !
Thy mother alone knows thy deep love, it lies
Like a pearl in the ocean, far hidden from view ;
But thou'rt leaving me, Noreen, ochone wirasthrue !

Thy home will be lonely without thee, my child :
The flowers thou hast planted and nursed will grow
wild :
Thy father will weep for thee, Noreen ashore !
But my eyes shall look on thee, my Noreen, no more !

FOR, ROSINA'S ALBUM.

GENTLY, gently place them here—

Every valued treasure—

Magic waymarks of the past,

Fraught with pain and pleasure :

Tiny locks of golden hair,

Culled from childhood's tresses ;

And a ring, almost as fair,

Fond memory sees and blesses !

Gems of poesy that woke

Dreams of soften'd sadness,

When as yet our childish hearts

Echoed nought save gladness ;—

Wither'd flow'rs from many a spot

That needs not this recal.

While Reason holds her sway o'er Thought,

They—they are with us all.

They rise—the stern and rugged shore,
High mount and deep ravine ;
And all the thousand flowers we loved
Are filling up the scene.
Back o'er the past, with reinless speed,
The wayward fancy sweeps,
And with the absent and the dead,
A sweet communion keeps,

Their blessed memories round me cling,
With soothing, hallowing power,
Like the first sunlight of the morn,
Or dew of evening hour.
And words of sweet, familiar tone,
Commingling, fill our ear :
No longer can we feel alone,
With such dear voices near.

~~~~~

## TO ROSINA, ON HER MARRIAGE.

FAREWELL ! oh ! I had said, my strain for thee  
Should be at parting glad as melody ;  
That not one saddening word, or bitter tear,  
Should tell thy young heart sorrow had been here.

Pardon me, sister mine!—it may not be,  
For tears will stain my parting lines to thee.  
Life's Rubicon is pass'd, and life's spring flowers,  
Lie on that bank of Time no more called ours.  
Look back upon it—'neath the sky of blue  
It stretches out with flowers of every hue ;  
And blessed memory bears their fragrance back  
To my fond heart, o'er all life's weary track.  
Were ever flowers to us so sweet as those,  
Our darling wildings, or our garden's rose ?  
Each bud so cared for, lest one touch should mar  
Its full-blown beauty with a single scar.  
Dear holy hours ! when pleasure bore no sting,  
But fann'd us gently as an angel's wing ;  
When all the cloud our sunny sky o'ercast :  
Was the sad truth—it was too bright to last !  
Farewell, life's dewy morn ! Father above,  
We humbly thank Thee for its joy and love.  
Farewell, sweet sister mine ! Rosina, bear  
To thy new home our hearts' deep, fervent prayer,  
That holiest, constant happiness be thine—  
Pure love—together seeking one pure shrine.  
Forgive me if my selfish sorrow drew  
From thine own memory shades too sadly true :  
I meant it but in love—I could not part

From thee for ever and not bare my heart ;  
 And we are parted wide—though not by space ;  
 Our paths, diverse, meet at no given place :  
 We, who through infancy and childhood's way,  
 Were never parted for a single day,  
 Feel conscious that each owns a separate sphere,  
 Though one might almost make the other hear.  
 Farewell ! our heavenly Father grant for thee  
 Home vocal with undying harmony—  
 As happy as thy childhood's cherished home,  
 From which we never felt a wish to roam.  
 God grant thee summer worthy of thy spring,  
 Strewn with the fairest flow'rs our earth can bring,  
 Till love, and joy's deep chorus, in full swell,  
 Shall drown the sadness of thy home's farewell !

~~~~~

"IERNE."

"Methinks once more I tread the heath
 Where fair skies smile o'er Eire's hills,
 And pluck and bind the wild-flower wreath,
 An offering to the tuneful rills."

—OLLAME.

FAIN would I sing of thee, my own, my beautiful Ierne !
 Of all the flow'rs that glow and breathe, round mound,
 and straith, and cairn—

Of feudal towers still beautiful amid their hoar decay,
Remembered as the bygone haunts of happy childhood's
play :

How oft the thrilling voice was hushed, the merry
laughter stilled,

As trench, and tower, in fancy with warrior forms were
filled,

The challenge of the warder's pealing horn awoke once
more,

And barbican and drawbridge rose, proud as in days of
yore ;

And, floating out o'er hill and dale, from lady's guarded
bower,

Dear Erie's old harpstrains came again, with sweetly
soothing power ;

How softly sad the "coolín" came upon the evening's
breeze,

And joined the balmy breath of eve that murmured
through the trees !

Green, flower-gemm'd land ! if love around the beauti-
ful may twine,

Then well may purest, patriot love, our own Ierne, be
thine,

Was ever beauty more sublime—sublimity more sweet ?

The loving ivy clasps the cliffs—where grace and grandeur meet ;

The sea-pink rears its gentle head where wild waves fling their spray,

And harebell meek, and primrose pale, adorn the sloping bay ;

And, bridging o'er in beauty what were else a dread ravine,

The bramble wreaths its pale pink flowers with the fragrant eglantine.

How oft thy fainting heart hath yearned to rest there but one day,

On that soft bank of thyme and heath, say dying exile—say !

To live thy lifetime o'er again—thy childhood's hours of love—

And soothed all longing after earth to turn to scenes above !

Ierne, beloved ! fare-thee-well !—old castles, hills, and home,

Where still some of our earliest loved now rest, that ne'er may roam—

Remembered ones, with soft bright eyes, and brows so young and fair

That time through life with them had left no trace save
beauty there.

And they are still our beautiful—unchanging and un-
changed—

We meet them ever and the same, though far and wide
we've ranged !

Then, Eire, though thy harp is hush'd—thy feudal
glories o'er—

No high emprise to give thy bards themes as in days of
yore—

Yet our hearts are thine, for our living loved, and for
our cherished dead,

And for all the blessed memories around life's spring-
time shed :

A flower—a strain—of thine, Ierne, can thrill with
pleasant pain,

And bring us through life's wanderings back, to tread
thy shores again !

